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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MISS A. L. MUZZEY.

Turning the leaves of the dead centuries,
Wherein the histories of men are writ,
We find sometimes a soul that seems to sit,
Like a serene indweller of the skies,
Above the heat, the passion, and the strife,
And the poor pleasures of this lower life.

The plague-like ill which fall on other men
Light on him, too, but with his shining face
Set against cloud and storm, he seeks to trace
Through all a hidden vein of good, and when
His eye hath found it, all the toll and pain
Whereof he suffered, he but counts as gain.

On him the cruel world-storms madly beat,
And evil Fortune holds him as a mark,
Sin spreadeth nets to catch him in the dark,
And cunning pitfalls yawn beneath his feet;
But with his hand in God's, he springeth clear
Of snare and pit, and hath no thought of fear.

The hounds of Envy bay upon his track,
And secret Hate, which dareth not to hunt
In open day, nor meet him front to front,
Twangeth her poison arrows at his back.
For all, he thinketh of that rabble crew
Of whom Christ said, "they know not what
they do."

He judges not his erring brother man;
Pity doth move his heart, remembering all
The sweet deceipts that lured him to his fall,
And that however wisely he may plan,
Who fears not God, but trusts in his own
might,
Cannot but lose his way and miss the right.

On Truth the structure of his life is built—
Nor all the jostlings of pride and power
Can move him from his fortress, his strong
tower;

While wily falsehood, conscious of its guilt,
Lurks to its hiding place, he stands secure,
Knowing his basis firm, his building sure.

No doubt lives in his soul. Time's breath doth
swell

The world ship's shining sails, and on she
strains;

Storms burst, her crew revolts, confusion
reigns;

And all seems rushing toward the port of Hell—
No doubt lives in his soul. The Lord is God,
Faithful to judge the evil, and the good.

THE WRONG PATH.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

Brock Edmunds's strange disappearance had been the theme of our mess, since his departure from the Rappahannock, a week before. Brave, scrupulous and loyal, all who knew him well rejected indignantly the imputation that he had gone over to the enemy.

He was a Virginian, it was said, and must forsooth be false; his affianced was the daughter of a Confederate colonel, and to be true in love he must forswear his country. Meantime men had superseded him in the staff, and he had revenged himself by perjury and desertion. But though these party labels had obtained general circulation and acceptance, we—his staff companions—who had known him in camp, in perilous enterprise, and in the painful march, defended his honor as our own.

We were sitting beneath the canopy or "fly" of the mess tent, recreating ourselves with whiskey and pipes. It was the eighth night since the departure of our comrade, and we missed his ready jest, his loud, infectious laugh, his uniform courtesy and generosity. The war had come at last to Warrenton Springs, and the encampments of an immense army whitened the surrounding hills. Federal sentries paced up and down the massive porch of the hotel; cannon were planted in all the lanes; cavalry horses tramped garden and orchard; and the Spring was become a laboratory for thousands of wanton soldiers.

"I pray ze," said Saint Pierre, with a suppliant grimace, "do not, Monsieur Chockmer."

"Go on," said Wicklowe, drinking again: "any affliction is preferable to this horrible silence."

As Chockmer's wheezy notes rang on the night, I saw the glare of camp-fires reddening



The Phillips' House, the Headquarters of Gen. Burnside During the Battle of Fredericksburg—Now the Headquarters of Gen. Sumner.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. Illustrated News, represents the fine residence of Mr. Phillips

on the Rappahannock. It was here General Burnside retired after the repulse and thought over the memorable events of the

day, and matured his plans for the future. Here also the gallant veteran, General Sumner, has his headquarters. Groups of

officers, members of the staff, and orderlies, are seen standing about waiting for orders.

We had been a fortnight at the Springs, and the monotony of our tenure had been varied by but a single incident—the loss of Brock Edmunds. The circumstances relating to his departure were mysterious and alarming. He had been called to the general's tent late in the afternoon, and intrusted with a verbal order to one of the brigade commanders, whose quarters were at Rappahannock, a railway station on the river of the same name, eighteen miles distant. He had reached his destination at nine o'clock, delivered his instructions punctually, and obtained the countersign of the day. Returning, he had passed a guard five miles from Rappahannock, and had stopped to light a pipe at a picket-fire, still further on, complaining, in the latter case, that his horse was a trifle lame. He was, to all appearance, sober, and expressed himself as resolved to get back to head-quarters by midnight. But subsequently, no man in the army had encountered him, and traces of neither rider nor horse had been discovered, though diligent inquiries were made far and wide. His capture by the enemy was improbable, for our picket-posts were so close and continuous, that the lines were considered to be impervious. No bodies of Southern troops were contiguous; and though the Virginians within the lines were sullen and hostile, it was believed that only a few aged and infirm people remained, as the young and able-bodied had departed to join the Confederate armies. The only plausible alternative was, that Brock Edmunds, knowing the location of our pickets, had avoided them, and escaped in the darkness to his Southern friends. The Richmond newspapers, however, which our out-riders brought in daily, made no recent mention of Captain Edmunds, and no recent prisoners had heard anything of his desertion.

The conversation beneath the fly had turned upon the absent one. Thirteen young fellows were we, who had thrown up our several professions at the call to arms, and, unacquainted before, had met by assignment upon General B.'s staff. Five of us were Yankees, two were from New York, four were foreign adventurers who loved war for its own sake, and I was a Pennsylvanian, of Quaker descent.

"Heigh-ho!" said Wicklowe, turning off his fourth draught of spirits, "how we miss Brock's jolly laugh."

"Camp has become so insufferably dull," said Bigswig, "that I shall resume the old 'biz, and throw up my commission."

Bigswig had been a junior partner in a dry-goods house, but took to the sword as naturally as to scissors.

"If it isn't positive conceit to repeat anything that Brock—poor old boy—has done so well before, I will sing his Chickahominy song," said Chockmer, ever anxious to exhibit his vocal powers.

"Sit down, Lieutenant Mintlin!" he said curtly; and as I took one of the chairs, he resumed his writing. I looked at the richly quilled saddle that lay at his feet, at the splendidly mounted sword thrown carelessly across his bed, at the holsters and silver-plated pistols beneath his rubber-pillow. I studied the angles and fullnesses of the fine

indurated form, and the severe and wrinkled countenance before me; and from the starred shoulder-hairs and silvered beard of this hero of a score of battles, my eyes wandered magnetically to the pensive, melancholy picture of the Madonna—his companion in triumph, reverses, trials, and promotion. I trust that every soldier carries some such picture through his journeys. My own Madonna was in Pennsylvania.

"Lieutenant," said he, in his quick, nervous manner, looking me directly in the eyes, "your horse is fresh, and saddled."

I looked through the opening of the tent at the sharp beat of hoofs, and beheld my pony, led by my own servant.

"I would not trouble you till it was necessary, but gave you a part of the evening with your friends. There's your horse; here is a sealed envelope. You are to ride with all speed to Rappahannock."

A little leap of my heart, and a slight tremor of my lips, followed the announcement of this ill-omened name.

"I may say," continued the general, in his curt, sententious way, "since I commonly take my aides into my confidence, that this paper contains the details of an order for an immediate advance. You are to ride direct to the quarters of General H——, to deliver the envelope, and return to-night with his receipt and reply."

I bowed silently, and turned to go.

"Stop!" said he again. "It is eight o'clock; you must deliver the message by eleven. I shall not retire to-night. You will be back at three."

"It is a long and stony way," I said hesitatingly, "and forty miles can scarcely be made in seven hours."

"It must be done," said he, shaking his beard; "the troops must be under way before midnight. Return upon a fresh horse. Good night."

I returned his salutation, but had scarcely got a yard from his quarters, when I heard the sharp call to return. As I stood before him again, he stared piercingly into my eyes, half impishly, half inquiringly.

"Am I to lose another aide?" he said slowly and sarcastically.

The blood rose to my temples, and I felt my hands closing. "Not unless you insult him twice," I returned.

"I ask your pardon," said he, in his old dry manner; "you are not a Virginian!"

I bit my lips at the reflection upon my late comrade, but concluded to remain silent.

"Will you have an orderly to accompany you?"

"Not after the doubt you have expressed."

"Forget it," he said, with irresistible frankness, "as the weakness of a suspicious old soldier."

"Give me your hand. God bless you! Be prompt. Good night."

I repaired to the mess-tent, hastily examined my pistols, and buckled on my sword and belt and spurs. Joining my comrades in a parting health, I leaped into my saddle, and at seven minutes past eight o'clock, started at a sharp canter for Rappahannock.

The ride for five or six miles of the way was enlivened by belated teams, couriers, and occasional squads of officers returning to the quarters of General H——.

their regiments. Camp fires lit up the whole horizon, till it seemed a great belt of flame; mystic serenades floated dreamily from invisible fields and copes; confused voices of shouting and singing were wafted from tented hillsides, and grouped batteries, ambulances, and army cattle camp dimly in view at intervals. The moon shone full and brightly; but I saw, with some solicitude that it was sinking slowly behind the woods; and at nine o'clock, as I heard the tattoo beat from a dozen quarters, I turned obliquely to the left, and was soon involved in complete darkness. For nine miles I met no human being, and heard no sounds but the ring of my horse's hoofs, the rattle of his curb-chain, and the clink of my sword in its scabbard.

There was nothing of peril involved in my journey; but the times were irregular, the country expansive, and thousands of reckless men were abroad with arms in their hands. How had Brock Edmunds disappeared?

His route to Rappahannock had not differed from mine. The night was not less fair. As horsemen, we were well matched; and that he had been faithful, I would pledge my life. How, whence, and wherefore had the stillness and mystery of the grave fallen upon him? I could not surmise; I only know that, as I remembered his goodness, pleasantness, and usefulness, I resolved, if chance should give me a clue whereby to follow or revenge him, I would do it at all risks. My way led mainly through scrub timber; the road was little more than a cow-path, so sinuous that I was compelled to trust entirely to the instinct of my steed, and so dark that I was not without fear of pitfalls and prostrate trees. Fortunately the route had been seldom travelled, and the clay roadway was hard, level, and unencumbered by the slush and debris that usually mark the route of an army. There was much of romance, and pleasant feverish excitement in the ride. The hoofs of my horse struck sparks from stone places, and the whistle of night-birds, the scream of owls, the whine of wild pigs, and the long shrill chirp of crickets and lizards made strange and every music. Weird likenesses of beings colossal, hideous eyes that shone from thickets, and glimpses of spectral sky breaking through boughs and leaves; starlight reflected in slimy pools; deserted homesteads staring black and ghostly from hill-tops; clumps of negro cabins, that looked half human through their great window-eyes; clearings across which the night winds blew dimly; and quaint old stacks and hay barracks—these were some of the spectacles that greeted me on the way. And when, at eleven o'clock, I answered the challenge of a patrol, and found that I had almost reached my journey's end, I drew a sigh of relief, and reining my horse into a quiet pace, soon dismounted before the quarters of General H——.

He had not anticipated my message, and was about retiring to his bed. But after swearing roundly once or twice, he resumed his garments, summoned his aides, and ordered his brigade under arms. In a few minutes, lights were twinkling here and there, great wagons laden with tents and field utensils were lumbering across the fields, and mounted men loomed away in battalions.

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The multitudinous camps had faded themselves noiselessly, and were off.

I resolved to return with my own pony, for he seemed yet fresh and unwearied, and obtaining a sealed reply to my communication, accepted the offer of a drop of brandy and a cigar, and remounted my horse. The general called out to me as I moved off: "Have you heard anything of Captain Edmunds?"

"Nothing."

"He was a fine fellow," said the general, turning away. "I gave him the proper countersign just at this hour of the night, and he took some spirits, as you have done, before departing."

"Pardon me a moment, general," I replied, "but as a matter of curiosity, will you tell me the countersign for that evening?"

"Ticonderoga," he answered shortly. "Good night."

As a rule, I give no regard to coinc

but after thought suggested that I might go still further astray, turning in the darkness into some more devious and dangerous path. I then thought of resting for the night, wrapped in my saddle-blanket, and waiting for daylight to assist me, but my horse was weary and hungry, and should have provender and shelter. While thus doubtful and perplexed, I heard a tread among the pines to the left, followed by a crash, and a hard, heavy breath. My hand reached nervously for my pistol. I stood erect in the stirrups, peering through the gloom with my finger pressing tightly against the trigger, and a quivering challenge upon my lips. A dark object bounded from the brush, and passing across the road close before me, disappeared. I resolved it into a horse, and in the dim uncertain shadow, saw that it was lame!

Cursing my cowardice, I replaced the pistol in its holster, and chirping to my beast, went wearily onward. There was a chance, at least, that I should reach some secluded farmhouse or negro hut. After the space of a half hour, I came to a fence and gate, and to my great relief discerned the stacks and out-houses of a farm. A second gate through which I passed creaked dimly behind me, and shut with a loud noise, but turning the angle of a log-cabin, I had the satisfaction of dismounting before an ancient Virginia residence, where a candle still burned in the lower story, and streaming through a window, cast a flood of light across the yard. It was a dwelling framed after a fashion immemorial in the South. Long, open porches, roofed and railed and ascended by steps, enclosed it in front and in rear, while the brick chimneys at the gables were built outside of the house, and against it. The kitchen was a separate building, but connected with the dwelling by a covered passage-way, or colonnade, and both dwelling and kitchen had peaked or double roofs. There were, as I saw at a glance, two wells, one modern in construction, consisting of a windlass and chain for raising or lowering the bucket; but the other was a description of well found only in America, and even these rapidly falling into disuse, known as the pole or balance-well. It consisted of a long hickory pole or shaft, suspended from a forked or crooked upright, and tied at its short or tapering end to a pendant or rod. To this was attached the bucket, which could be readily lowered by hand, and hoisted by the superior weight of the long end of the pole. I was particularly attracted by this latter well, because, curiously enough, the heavy end of the pole was in the air, and the bucket apparently at the bottom of the well. The well hole was covered with planks, and from the circumstance of a broken plough being deposited above them, I inferred that the well was no longer used. It had a quiet and venerable appearance, standing thus in the night, and I wondered that its position should be so reversed. The whole place, indeed, had an air of gloom and improvidence. Some of the windows in the dwelling were studded with old bats and breeches, the whitewash had peeled from the weather-boarding, the porches were rotten and tottering, and except the cheerful glow of the fire, I saw nothing in indicative of hospitality and comfort. Long experience in camp, however, had familiarized me to rough fare, and I felt very grateful for the opportunity to rest till morning, and to feed my faithful pony.

Leaping lightly up the steps, and traversing the porch, I knocked thrice, quickly and loudly. Some shuffling of feet and earnest whispering ensued, and then a hideously deformed boy opened the door. I do not know that I have ever seen a face so terror-stricken; his lips were quivering, his knees trembling, and the hand by which he held the latch shivered and rattled in a fearful manner. I saw at a glance that one of his feet was clubbed, and that his right arm was short and withered. Beside a blazing log fire in the great sooty chimney place sat two girls and a very old man, who seemed quite as ill at ease. The pale faces of the girls were little relieved by the attitude of the man, who had attempted to rise, but appeared to have been paralyzed in the act. In his hand he grasped the tongs, and his face expressed conflicting emotions of hate, fear, and despair.

"Good-evening," said I soothingly; "I hope that I haven't disturbed you."

"You have disturbed me," said the old man, rattling the tongs in his quaking fingers; "you ha' nigh been the death of me. You ha' given me a turn that'll shorten my days. What are you after, on folk's property in the dead hour of night, knockin' at their doors, and drivin' their wimmin'?"

At this one of the girls began to sob, and the eyes of the cripple dilated with rage.

"Compose yourselves," said I, walking into the room, my spurs clattering, and my sword dragging along the floor; "I am not an enemy, though I wear the uniform of one. I am a soldier, as you see, astray and wearied, and willing to pay for a bed by your fire, and a little corn for my horse."

"We ha' nayther bed nor corn for Yankees. You ha' overrun our farms, and murdered our boys. Beggary and tears come upon you all, as you ha' brought them upon us!"

"Nay, then," said I, drawing up a chair, and seating myself resolutely by the hearth, "since you are so inhospitable, I must take what you will not sell. Here I sit, and here I shall remain. If there is food in your stable I must seize enough for my beast, and at day-light I will leave you."

The cripple looked murderous into my eyes here, as if measuring my strength and courage; but I quietly removed my spurs, cast off my sword, and asked him the way to the stable.

"Get the lantern, Jay," said the man; "if we are to lose the corn, we may as well be paid. Show the soldier to the cowhouse. Give him twelve ears and a rick o' hay. Marth' Ann, do you spread a counterpanes yer in the corner. Nancy, fetch up a pail of cider. Sir, you trotters!"

Settling himself in the chair, the old man muttered nervously, and glowered at the fire

as he raked the fagots in a heap. Pale and sinister, the cripple limped through a doorway, and floundered in the darkness of another room for the required lantern. The girls fulfilled their instructions with agitated faces, and cast doubtful eyes upon me at intervals. They were coarsely clothed in frocks of grey kersey, and their shoes were rough and large. The younger of the two had a prettily timid face, with shy black eyes, and her hair was tied with a piece of blue ribbon.

"What's yer name at home?" said the old man at length, looking fiercely up. I replied good-humoredly, anxious to induce a pleasanter reception, and asked the old gentleman to tell me his own name in return.

"Lightfoot, sir," said he, in a tone of mingled braggadocio and sullenness. "The Lightfoot's ha' been one o' the fast families. Jeems Lightfoot was the best speaker that ever sat in the legislature of Virginny. Neal Lightfoot belonged to the Wiggins branch o' the family, and owned the best Piedmont horses in this section o' country. Patrick Lightfoot of Jeems River—"

"Yers the lantern for the Yankee," said the cripple, limping into the room. He stared blackly and half defiantly, flung open the door, and muttering that I was to "look alive arter my horse," led the way across the yard to a log stable or shed.

"Stop," said I; "the good pony must be watered," and I turned towards the old well. To my great surprise, the cripple darted forward, dropping his lantern, and seizing me with the grip of a strong man.

"Don't go there!" he said, with a strangely altered voice "there ain't no water there! The pole is got wedged at the bottom. Come yere; come this way."

I found him absolutely dragging me, and was not more amazed at his vehemence than at his wonderful physical power, so inconstant as I thought, with his deformity. Truly, I had fallen among boorish people. Yielding to the whim of the lad, I watered my horse at the windlass well, but refused to remove the saddle at his solicitation. Returning to the dwelling, I found a table spread, and some Indian bread, bacon, and cider prepared for me. The young girl to whom I have alluded, sat at the head of the table, but I failed to interest her in conversation, and turned to length to the old man.

"This is a sad war, sir?"

"You folks got it up."

"We lament it, I am sure, as much as you do."

"Likely. Look at me, spoiled in land and cattle, a prisoner in my own house, an alien in my own country—my four sons driven from me, but, thank God, fighting out their deliverance agin you and your hordes."

"Come," said I softly, "let us lay these things aside to-night. Return to better days and themes. You have still a spark of regard for the good old Union. Have you for gotten the palmy time o' 76, when South and North stood shoulder to shoulder at Ticonderoga?"

I stopped in mute astonishment. At the iteration of the last word, a deathly pallor came over the old gentleman; his chin dropped upon his bosom, and his hands hung nervously upon his chair. From bold manly defiance, he had changed to cowed, tremulous, demented silence. Suddenly and mechanically he rose, groped by way of the wall to a staircase, and shuffling like a man in a dream, disappeared. I saw no more of him that night. The girls, scarcely less agitated, also immediately retired; and I was left alone with the cripple, astounded at the effect of my oratory, and certain that I had fallen into a house of lunatics.

I had been previously acquainted with other Southern partisans, but the animosity of this family was altogether savage and unscrupulous. There was certainly the extenuating circumstance of the younger Lightfoot's connection with the Confederate service; and the irritability of old age might have been intensified by losses of negroes, live-stock, and provender. The people were likewise, as I could see, rude, ignorant, and perhaps wicked. In this way, I could account for their passion; but the more appalling evidence of fear and suspicion remained unexplained. As I sat absorbed in a review of the occurrences of the evening, I looked casually across the room at the cripple, who had been for some time sitting silently upon the floor. The firelight revealed his face, though his body was bathed in shadow, and I saw that he was leering darkly upon me. Out of all patience with the fellow, I called to him in a very amiable voice: "My man, haven't you a face in your *repertoire* less devilish than that you are wearing to-night?"

He grinned contemptuously, but did not speak.

"I shall be under the necessity of tossing a plate in your face presently, so you had better remove out of distance."

He rose from his place, limped to the stairway, and I heard his heavy, unequal tread overhead for some time, when finally ceased, and the house was given over to silence.

Having emptied the pail of cider, and supped plentifully, I threw myself upon the spread in the corner, and resumed my contemplations.

Why were these people out of their beds so late an hour? Had they expected visitors? Why had they alternately shuddered and vaunted? Had some great remorse with them blended with some yet more wicked purpose? Might not their fanaticism mean more than it had seemed? Was I, in short, safe in this house, travel-worn, disarmed, solitary, and asleep? Phew! a cripple, two girls, and a garrulous old dotard. What were these pitted against a vigilant, active soldier, close to camp, and prepared for any emergency? I had unmanned myself thrice to-night; should I become again a prey to childish terror? I tossed my sword contemptuously upon the table, spurned my holsters with my foot, and leaning my head upon my arm, studied the bare floor, the huge chimney, the beamed and whitewashed ceiling, the square and rope-seated chairs. A few coarse pictures hung upon the wall—a trotting-horse, a popular preacher, a Confederate

general, a head of Washington. Opposite, lay a dog and two windows; at my feet, a door, and these looked out upon the two porches. A rough mantel-piece surmounted the chimney, ornamented with a stuffed coon-skin and a pair of unsightly candlesticks. I contrasted the boorish denizens of this place with my own family and those of my friends in the North; I thought of the plain frock and pretty features of the younger girl, whose name, as I had heard, was that of my own affianced, Martha; and, touching this theme, I folded my arms upon my breast, and dropped into a feverish sleep. It might have been the strange influences and events of the evening, or more directly the draughts of whiskey and cider that troubled me; at any rate, my slumber was broken by dreams and quick awakenings; and, curiously enough, the old well in the yard recurred again and again among these fancies. If my visions turned, during any moments, upon the companions of my mess, the associates of my boyhood, the incidents of my night-journey, the alliance of my love, they failed in no case to return to the ancient well. At one time, it seemed, the huge shaft had fallen upon my heart, and bruised it most cruelly; again I had fallen into the well, and climbing to the surface, found that I had been swimming in blood; and, in the end, both shaft and well had resolved themselves into the hideous cripple, who sat leeringly upon a bucket, and as I pursued him, limped away like an apparition.

At this latest phase of my dream, I awoke tremulously. Was it a shadow that flitted by the opposite window? Surely something had moved across the transparent panes, quick, spectral, and noiseless. I sat up immediately, and rubbing my eyes, took note of doors and windows. The latch was closed, the room deserted. My sword remained upon the table, my holster and pistols still lay upon the floor where I had thrown them.

With a sneer and an execration, I lay down again, but only to dream anew of the cripple, the old well, the lonely road, the pony that stood saddled in the stable, the grim warrior waiting for my return. Again I started fitfully, and sitting bolt upright, beheld as certainly as I had sight, a human hand reaching through a niche in the door to withdraw my holsters. Quicker than the thought, I had leaped to the pit and reached the threshold. Fool! Nothing stood without but the solemn darkness. An unaccountable thirst possessed me; my throat had become parched, and my lips were glued feverishly together. Staggering rather than walking across the creaking porch, I turned towards the well. The great pole stood poised in the air, the rod pointed significantly into the pit. A strange, irresistible impulse drew me onward; I resolved to test the mystery of that well! One by one I removed the outlying boards. The plough-share rang funerally as I heaved it aside, and the deep well pit lay black and yawning beneath me. The cold sweat oozed from my forehead as I seized the rod and pulled stubbornly upward. Surely the bucket attached must be hewed of iron, for a weight so great was never lifted from household well before. Tremulously, heavily, the great end of the pole swayed downward; something dark and dripping came in view—a hand impudently, crushed, and swaying to and fro.

I dropped the rod with a cry and a curse, for as God is my judge, Brock Edmunds' face, all leprous and bloody, and shrouded in matted hair, had appeared to me, caught in the grapping hook of the bucket!

For a moment, I lay nerveless and breathless upon the cold ground. The weird incidents of the night developed themselves in all their horrid relations to the murder of my friend—I now comprehended the terror of my host—I now trepidation at the utterance of "Ticonderoga," the password of the night in which this butchery had been effected—the strange conduct of the cripple at my approach to the well—the riderless horse that limped before me in the darkness! Had Providence designed me to discover and avenge? Or was I likewise to be sacrificed to the demoniac hate of this savage family?

I had been previously acquainted with other Southern partisans, but the animosity of this family was altogether savage and unscrupulous.

There was certainly the extenuating circumstance of the younger Lightfoot's connection with the Confederate service; and the irritability of old age might have been intensified by losses of negroes, live-stock, and provender.

The people were likewise, as I could see, rude, ignorant, and perhaps wicked.

It was in this way that the old man had been led to commit the crime.

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Mr. Chase's Financial Scheme.

The following Bill recently offered in the House, is said to embody the views of Mr. Chase, and will probably pass:

Be it enacted, &c. That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to borrow on the credit of the United States from time to time, and in such amounts as shall be needed for the service of the current and next fiscal year, and in such form and at such rates of interest not exceeding six per cent. per annum, as in his judgment the public interest may require, the sum of nine hundred million dollars, and to issue for any part of that amount coupon or registered bonds, payable in coin at any time after twenty years from date, at the pleasure of the Government, or Treasury notes payable in lawful money at any time not over three years from date, bearing interest not over six per cent., payable in coin in like manner; and for any part of the amount required by the exigencies of the public service to pay the army and navy, and other creditors of the Government, may be issued United States notes not bearing interest, payable to bearer at the Treasury of the United States, of such denominations not less than one dollar, as the Secretary of the Treasury may deem expedient. The bonds issued under the authority of the Act shall be of such denominations, not less than fifty dollars, and the Treasury notes of such denominations, not less than ten dollars, as may be determined by the Secretary of the Treasury, and interest on the said bonds shall be paid semi-annually in coin, and on said Treasury notes payable in lawful money, at such time or times as may be expressed on their face. The Secretary of the Treasury may dispose of said bonds at such rates, not less than par, as he may deem best, for lawful money of the United States, or for any indebtedness of the United States, and they shall be exempt from taxation by or under any State laws. The aggregate amount of all the bonds, Treasury notes and United States notes, together, outstanding under this Act shall not exceed at any one time the sum of nine hundred millions of dollars.

Section 2. The Treasury notes authorized by this Act with the accrued interest thereon, shall be receivable at par at all times for internal taxes, and all dues to the United States except duties on imports, and may be exchanged at the Treasury of the United States at any time under such rules as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury for an equal amount of United States notes, not bearing interest as aforesaid; and when returned to the Treasury Department and cancelled, the Secretary of the Treasury may issue Treasury notes or United States notes of the same amount in the place of them.

Section 3. The United States notes not bearing interest, authorized to be issued by this Act, shall be lawful money and a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States, except for duties on imports and interest on the public debt; and any of said notes may be issued from time to time as the exigencies of the public service may require, and new notes may be issued in place of any notes issued or to be issued which have been or may be returned and cancelled.

Section 4. Any bonds that we have been heretofore, or that may hereafter be, issued by and on the faith of the Government of the United States, shall be deemed to be due and payable to coin at any time, at the pleasure of the Government of the United States, after the period designated in the bonds for the payment of the same.

Section 5. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to receive deposits of coin and bullion with the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States, in sums not less than twenty dollars, and to issue receipts therefor in denominations of not less than twenty dollars each, and corresponding with the denominations of the Government notes not bearing interest; the coin deposited for or representing said receipts shall be retained in the Treasury for the payment of such receipts on demand, and for no other purposes whatever, except that such receipts representing coin held in the Treasury for payment of interest on the public debt to an extent not beyond one-fifth more than the amount of coin in the Treasury, and such receipts shall be received at par in payment for entries on imports as coin.

Section 6. Exempts the former law with reference to punishing counterfeiting to the notes and bonds authorized by this act.

Section 7. That in addition to the notes less than one dollar, commonly called postage currency, already issued or hereafter to be issued, the Secretary of the Treasury may issue fractional notes of like amounts, prepared, engraved and printed under the direction of the Secretary, in the Treasury Department building; and said fractional notes may be exchanged for said postage currency and for United States notes, and shall be receivable in payment of dues for customs not exceeding one dollar, and for all other dues to the United States not exceeding three dollars.

Section 8. Appropriates six hundred thousand dollars to carry this Act into effect.

THE OPERATIONS OF OUR IRON-CLAD FLEET.

A fleet of three monitors—the Montauk, Passaic and Patapsco—is now prepared for active operations against a southern port. In all probability before the attack is made this fleet will be joined by the Weehawken and Nahant; so that we may not receive intelligence of active operations until the latter part of this month.

No doubt exists of the power of these boats to enter any harbor on the southern coast, where there is water sufficient to float them, and no obstacles, in the face of the most formidable batteries that have been erected. It must be remembered, however, that one great difficulty must be surmounted before the monitors can be made available—they must be transported in safety to the place of destination and be prepared to immediately enter upon their work.

There is no harbor on the Atlantic coast, which it is desirable to repossess, that has an offing, or roadstead, sufficiently calm to enable vessels of the monitor class to ride in safety while preparing for an attack, or while compelled, by a violent storm or heavy swell, to defer entering the harbor. Hence from the point of departure, which will be Beaufort, N. C., the route chosen must be of the most favorable state of the weather, and one which has been preceded by off shore winds, so that the sea will be smooth and the run rapid. Then the elements must still be propitious to enable the vessels to run past the batteries and into the harbor. If they succeed in this their object is accomplished. If they fail in almost any particular of their voyage, the failure will in all probability be attended with results of a disastrous nature.

This season is somewhat propitious for a coasting voyage of the iron-clads, but still the nature of their construction requires that they should be handled with great skill, and that the highest talent should be employed in their navigation. Men of practical experience on the coast, only, should be entrusted with the conduct of so important a movement. Naval commanders who have lived entrusted to their care, and the highest interests of the nation to sustain, should not neglect the advice and professed assistance of men whose lives have been spent in navigating the most perilous places on the Atlantic

GIRLS ON ICE.

Don't imagine for an instant, girls, that learning to skate is the least bit calculated to inspire you with any pleasing emotions. Far from it. I will tell you how it will be. You will say to John Henry:

"How I should like to know how to skate."

John Henry will say:

"Certainly, my love. Of course."

The next time he comes he will bring you a pair of Archer's or Macknet's best.

He will say:

"To-morrow evening, darling, at half past five."

To-morrow evening you will get your skates on about half-past six, with a strong determination to show John Henry what a graceful little fairy you are "on ice." He leads you from "terra firma" to "terra icea," which you at once discover to be a different kind of "terra" altogether. You bow to John Henry, and lift your right foot, which are pronounced not good enough for the morning edition—how William Howitt's "Book of the Seasons," of which 100,000 copies have been sold, was rejected by nearly every London publisher, until, in very despair, he took the bundle of manuscript to Waterloo Bridge, determined to consign it to the Thames, but luckily met, in the Strand, Mr. Bentley, the only publisher he had not tried, who purchased the book at once—how Charlotte Bronte hawked "Jane Eyre" from post to post before any one would publish it—how Mrs. Stowe had great trouble in getting "Uncle Tom's Cabin" printed—how Mr. Thackeray was in the same predicament with "Vanity Fair," and seriously thought of burning it, in his anger and despair. Miss Braddon's name may be added to the list.—*Philada. Press.*

Your skate is loose. Of course it is or you could strike out. John Henry loosens and tightens your straps in the usual way. You strike out with hands and feet with energy and enthusiasm. The former you plunge into John Henry's countenance, and with the latter you succeed in laying him out alongside of yourself. You rise, and he rises partially up, and you throw yourself into his bread basket in a very inhuman way. You hoarsely whisper:

"John Henry, I shall faint if you push me down again."

He helps you up, and you knock him down five times without stopping. At last you let him stand. He persuades you to release him, while he wipes the sweat from his noble brow. You nobly grant the boon; and, after superhuman exertions to maintain the perpendicular, you quietly settle slantingly into John Henry's coat sleeve. A look of desperation says, as plainly as a look can, "John Henry, why do you push and throw me down in this disagreeable way?"

He looks at his watch.

"Is it possible! Eight o'clock, and your mother said you must be at home at nine."

Your prayers have been answered; and it is he that wants to go home and not you. You go home, and, if not very pious, you think a few very mild bad words about skating in general and learning to skate in particular.

Four days after, when you are just able to walk around the house, without limping—if you are reckless of life and limb—regardless of sprained ankles—or married to a feller what your pa likes and you don't—you will go again and learn to skate. It's ten to one, though, that you never try it the second time. So much "on ice."

FOSSIL HUMAN REMAINS.—The question of fossil human remains has acquired a little fresh interest from the exploration made in a cave at Engihoul, in the province of Liege, by M. Malaise, of which a notice appears in the Bulletin of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Brussels. With a view to test the discoveries of Schmerling, made in the same province, M. Malaise explored the cave above mentioned, and discovered portions of lower jaws and fragments of skulls, all human, under a layer of stalagmite of from two to three centimetres thick, which in turn was covered by a bed of porous and pebbly silt, accumulated to a thickness of from fifty to sixty centimetres. With this silt were mingled bones of the cavern-bear, or pachiderms and ruminants; and as it showed no trace of ever having been disturbed, the conclusion is that the human bones are older than those of the quadrupeds. The subject has been ably discussed by the Belgian geologists; and as geologists in all parts of the world are keenly watching for fresh evidence, we may regard the question as likely to become more and more interesting.—*Chambers's Journal.*

RAILWAY ETHICS.—"What's the justice into a railroad?" said an old fellow, as he sat on his "stoop" 'bout the going down of the sun, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cape Cod, "what's the justice into 'em? What's the justice in earth's sand o' my farm to put it onto another man's ma'sh?" Cuttin' round the country, runnin' over folks, killin' calfs, and calves, and shouts—where's the justice in all that? And wher's the 'commodation of 'em? As it used to be, when I wanted to go to Boston, I could tackle up my team in the mornin', after good breakfast, and set off when I got ready; now you've got to go when the bell rings! They wouldn't wait ten minutes for you. And when you get to Boston you can't stop where you want to—can't drive to where you want to put up. What kind o' 'commodation is that? And so" when you're comin' home; got to go to a particular place afore you can start, and got to come away when the bell rings ag'in! God-damn old o' 'commodation in that, ain't they? I've never rode on one of the darned things, and I never will; but it's goin' on three years now that I've seen 'em come out and go in, and I never could see that they went so darned fast either."

A JOURNALIST, whose wife had just presented him with twins, and who, for this reason, was compelled to neglect his paper for one day, wrote, the day after, the following excuse—"We were unable to issue our paper yesterday, in consequence of the arrival of two extra males."

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TRIALS OF AUTHORS.

Miss M. A. Braddon, whose novel of "Lady Audley's Secret" has gone into the eighth London edition in six months, was nearly unknown, as a writer, a year ago. First she tried to live as a piano-forte player and vocalist, but the public did not encourage her. Next, she played a small part or two on the stage, but with equal bad results. Lastly, she collapsed into pen and ink, wrote a sketch called the "Artist's Story," and, with great difficulty, succeeded in getting it published in a small periodical called *The Welcome Guest*. However, she got paid for it—a trifle, but enough to encourage her. One remembers how Scott's "Waverley" lay unfinished for ten years in an old desk, because his friend James Ballantyne threw upon it the cold water of his hostile criticism—how Charles Dickens had to treat Dr. Black as a favor to admit his "Sketches by Boz" into the *Evening Chronicle*, as they were pronounced not good enough for the morning edition—how William Howitt's "Book of the Seasons," of which 100,000 copies have been sold, was rejected by nearly every London publisher, until, in very despair, he took the bundle of manuscript to Waterloo Bridge, determined to consign it to the Thames, but luckily met, in the Strand, Mr. Bentley, the only publisher he had not tried, who purchased the book at once—how Charlotte Bronte hawked "Jane Eyre" from post to post before any one would publish it—how Mrs. Stowe had great trouble in getting "Uncle Tom's Cabin" printed—how Mr. Thackeray was in the same predicament with "Vanity Fair," and seriously thought of burning it, in his anger and despair. Miss Braddon's name may be added to the list.—*Philada. Press.*

It sometimes happens on certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland, that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer; it is glue. The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soong as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil, all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sand-fleas continues to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines towards the land, endeavours to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what?

Mr. Brooks appears to be in earnest in these extravagant propositions, strange as it may appear to any man who has possession of his senses; for, upon the occasion of presenting them, he made a long speech, and expressed himself confident of their success. Are the Northern people all natural-born fools, or are they only stricken with that judicial madness which we are told the gods inflict upon the victims of their wrath preparatory to their ruin? Can they suppose that the South is as ga'le as they are? Are they as themselves, and that they are willing, for mere considerations of interest, to forget the unheard-of outrages under which they have suffered during this war? Can they believe these capots de coquilles burying in oblivion all that they have done, and all that they have suffered?

"If the whole Yankee race should fall down in the dust to-morrow and pray us to be their masters, we would spurn them even as slaves. Our only wish is to be separated from them finally and forever—never to see them again—never to have them again—never to hear the voice of another Yankee on the south side of the Potomac or the north—to have no traffic and no intercourse of any description whatever with them. We are fighting for separation, and we will have it, if it costs the life of every man in the Confederate States.

"We are aware that many persons believe that the party of which Brooks and Van Buren are the representatives, desire and design to restore peace, and that at present they dare not speak out their real sentiments, which are in favor of a partition. We do not believe they are in favor of any such thing. They would like peace on condition of our return to the Union, and they are foolish enough to believe that a majority of the people in the Confederacy are in favor of union. They would like peace on these terms, because it would restore the commercial supremacy of the North, and especially of the city of New York, which is gone forever if the Union be not restored. But they are as bitterly opposed to separation as Lincolns himself, or any of the thieves or murderers who lead his armies. In the event of a refusal to return to the Union, they would be on a man's unit in bounding on the assassins who are desolating our country and murdering our people as fiercely as they have ever been bounded on by Beecher and Hale. They look only to their pockets when they preach of reconciliation and restoration. If the same object could be effected by entirely destroying the people of the Southern States, and they thought it as easy to do, they would recommend it as the best of all possible policy. Let them be satisfied, however. President Davis expressed the sentiments of the entire Confederacy, in his speech the other night, when he said the people would sooner unite with a nation of hyenas than with the detested Yankee nation. Anything but that, English colonization, French vassalage, Russian serfdom, all, all are preferable to an association with the Yankees."

The *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle* treats of the same topic as follows:

"We must recollect that there is yet no peace party at the North based upon the only terms upon which we can make a peace. The so-called peace party, or Democrats, or conservatives, or whatever they call themselves, have apparently no dissatisfaction of the manner in which it is carried on. Such is their profession now—they may grow in grace until they advocate peace on our own terms; but they require time for such a growth, and at present they are powerless. They are so much the more to be depended on, perhaps, because they are not in power, for the *outs* are always more virtuous than the *ins*; but it is to be feared that when they become *ins* their virtue will give way to the temptation offered by the public plunder."

GEN. ROSECRANS'S ORDER FOR THE IMPRISONMENT OF REBEL OFFICERS.—*General Order No. 1.*—The General commanding is pleased to inform the commissioners of officers of the Confederate army, taken prisoners by forces under his command, that, owing to the barbarous measures announced by President Davis, in his recent proclamation, denying parole to our officers, he will be obliged to treat them in like manner.

It is a matter of regret to him that this rigor appears to be necessary. He trusts that such remorse as may be made in the name of justice, humanity and civilization may reach the Confederate authorities as will induce them to pursue a different course, and thereby enable him to accord to their officers the privilege which he is always pleased to extend to brave men, even though fighting for a cause which he considers hostile to our nation and disastrous to human freedom.

By command of Gen. Rosecrans.

C. GODDARD, A. A. G.

A FRENCH MOVE IN TEXAS.—The most important portion of the recently incurred rebel correspondence relates to a movement on the part of the French Consul at Galveston and Remond, supposed to have originated in Paris, to induce the Southern Confederacy and establish an independent Government. The result of this discovery was an order to G. N. M. Granger to send the Consul at Galveston to Mexico as quick as possible, and the French Consul to leave with him. The order with regard to the latter was, however, rescinded.

It further appears that the reception awarded by Earl Russell to Mr. Commissioner Mason, on the 16th, was not so cordial as the French Consul and Remond had expected.

A REBEL RAID.—Advices from Nashville on the 16th, say that Brigadier-General Forrest, of the rebel army, with a force of about four thousand men and twelve pieces of light artillery, attacked our relief and storeship, coming up the Cumberland river, and soon dug in capturing five steamboats loaded with valuable commissary stores, and the gunboat Sidel. Several of the boats contained wounded soldiers, who in jumping from them while burning, were shot in the water.

The negro crews were stripped of their clothing, tied to trees, cowhanded, and left to starve on shore. The boats were all anchored in mud channel and burned, after being riddled with shot.

On the other hand, an entire rebel regiment, numbering about three hundred men, deserted and came into our port, fifteen miles beyond Murfreesboro, on the 15th.

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A NEW ORLEANS correspondent says—

"A most remarkable affair occurred recently in the former headquarters of Major General Butler. Capt. J. C. Murey, of Gen. Butler's staff, who had occasion to enter the office, found a rose lying upon one of the desks, and taking it up to smell it, it ran across his nose and was applied to the rose which caused the most intense pain. The flower has been secured, and will be analyzed by a botanical chemist."

A DOCTOR, having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "Oh, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, sir," said the man.

"I presume not," said the gentleman; "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach."

A DOCTOR.—How graceful and fitting is it that the wife of the Secretary of the Interior should be the bountiful provider of a Christmas dinner for the soldiers at Washington!

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OUR WEDDING DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

The frosty earth lies hid away,
Beneath the winter's snow;
And so it was our wedding-day,
Just seven years ago.

We did not miss the summer flowers,
Nor mourn the winter's time;
But blossomed in those hearts of ours,
The blossoms of summer time.

Oh, Love! upon thy wings are borne
A blessing and a balm;
The golden glory of the morn,
The evening's peaceful calm!

I saw through all the mist of years
(We will remember so)
The lips that kissed away my tears,
Just seven years ago!

The frosty earth lies hid away,
The winds of winter moan;
Oh, darling! 'tis our wedding-day,
And I am here alone!

For on the tented field I know,
Beneath the banner free,
The heart that fears no human foe,
Is sorrowful for me!

And tears bedim the eyes of blue,
Where tears had never shone,
The strong arms valiant, brave and true,
Do long to clasp his own!

As stars in Memory's placid lake,
His children's faces shine;
And if he sleep or if he wake,
He will remember mine!

Well in his inmost heart he knows,
Whatever sorrow come,
From faithless friends, or cruel foes,
Love waits for him at home.

Now as the waning day grows dim,
One face alone I see;
Dear Lord! be merciful to him,
And bring him back to me!

Then will we when the winter falls
Upon our locks with snow;
With unregretful lips recall
The grisl of long ago.

How shall I greet the coming Spring,
Her voice of bird and bee,
Her burgeoning and blossoming,
Mine return to me!

January 6/A, 1863.

UP THE ALABAMA.

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

It was a soft, bright, warm evening in March (which corresponds to the June of our colder clime) when I took my way down the broad streets of Mobile, bound up the Mobile and Alabama rivers to Montgomery, the beautiful capital of the state, and, for a time, of the Southern Confederacy.

As I approached the pier, the air was filled with the music of a steam organ on one of the boats, which was played by a German musical artist, engaged by the year, at a handsome salary. It is a strange music that fills the air with a vast body of harmony, carrying with it the impression of the power that gives it birth—in the range of long cylindrical boilers—of which the organ is the melodious collection of escape pipes and safety valves.

The Mobile river, which is but an extension of the deep bay, into which flow the Tombigbee and the Alabama, is broad and deep, and was now bank full. There were scarcely any visible shores. We steamed through a vast forest, which opened before us in picturesque reaches of the richest semi-tropical foliage, and the air was thick with the odor of the orange blossom and the jessamine.

The two fine rivers which unite to form the Mobile, have, like it, preserved their Indian names, but how the tribe that found for two of them such musical designations as Mobile and Alabama ever came to name a river the Tombigbee, I shall leave to some Choctaw or Cherokee to find a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps I do the aboriginal savages injustice. The Americans are not slow at corrupting names when they can make them sound more familiar. Thus a point on the Mississippi, which the French named Le Bois Brûlé, is known to all the boatmen as "Bob Rulé's Woods."

The captain of our steamer was an Irishman, tall, handsome, eloquent, and thoroughly and enthusiastically Southern American in his views and feelings. For twenty years he had steamed up and down the Alabama, and he could not have been more devoted to his adopted country, or the section to which he belonged, had he been born upon the banks of the river.

As we set forward of the pilot-house, on the promenade deck, enjoying the soft and perfume-laden evening breeze, he told me his story. When a boy of nineteen, he found himself, a raw immigrant, with five dollars in his pocket, on the banks of this river, looking for work; and the first, hardest, and toughest he could find, was that of a deck-hand on a steamboat. He became one of a gang of white and black, who stood ready to load and receive freight, take in wood, and tend the furnaces. This hard and rapid work came at all hours of day or night, and the work was as hard as the work. I have seen men, a group of negroes on one side of the boat, and of the white hands, mostly Irish or Germans, on the other, eating their bread and bacon, and drinking black coffee from an iron pan, seated on piles of wood or bales of cotton.

But the wages, to a poor Irish boy, were a mere indigence. They gave him eight pounds a month, and found, in a rough cabin, bacon for food, and for his bed a dry sack bed or cotton bale. He went to work, and was so sober, active, and intelligent, that his mates had no excuse to knock him into

the river with a billet of wood, as was the custom.

He had been a week on the boat, when, one dark night, a fire was seen, and a cry heard, on the bank of the river. The mate would not land, but sent Patrick ashore in the yawl. Standing by the signal fire at the river side, attended by two or three grinning negroes, was a planter, who handed him a package, and said,

"Here is thirty-four thousand dollars! Give it to the captain or clerk, and ask him to deposit it for me, in the Planter's Bank, as soon as you get in. Tell them not to forget it, as it is to pay a note that falls due day after tomorrow."

Patrick put the money into his bosom, and pushed off into the dark and lonely river. Doubtless he might have got ashore, and away; and doubtless he thought of it, as he felt the fortune in his bosom, but he pulled straight for the boat, as she lay, blowing off steam in mid-channel. And while he rowed he thought of what he must do.

"What was it all about?" asked the mate, as he sprang on the low deck.

"A message for the captain, sir," said Patrick.

"Then go into the cabin and give it to him, and be quick about it," said the not over-polite officer.

Patrick went up the companion way to the cabin, where he found the jolly captain, with a group of planters and merchants, busy at a game of poker, and more busy with the punch. He turned to the clerk, who was deeper in both punch and poker than with the captain.

Montgomery, like most of the considerable towns in America, has its cemetery laid out like a park or pleasure ground, and is becoming filled with ambitious marble monuments. A portion of the ground is set apart for negroes, and they, too, have their grave-stones, which record their humble virtues. I was struck by the original form of a marble monument which an honest German had raised to an adopted son, who had been drowned in the river. The epitaph was so peculiar that I copied it:

"Faith, an' this will never do," said Patrick. "If I give them the money to-night, they will lose at poker, and never remember it in the morning." So he went forward on deck again, and stowed the package of bank notes at the bottom of his clothes-bag in the forecastle, if so small a hole can be dignified by any such an appellation.

In the morning, when the officers were awake and sober, Patrick handed over his money and message.

"What is all this?" said the captain; "where did you get this money?"

"I went ashore in the yawl for it last night, sir."

"And why did you not bring it to the office at once?"

"I did, sir; but you and the clerk were both very busy."

The passengers, who had been engaged in the same line of business, had a hearty laugh.

"Young man," said the captain, "how long have you been on this boat?"

"A week, sir."

"And how much money have you got?"

"Five dollars, sir."

"Very well—go to your work."

In three weeks, Patrick was second mate; in a year, first mate; and, not long after, captain; and now, as we sat talking on the Alabama, he had a wife, children, a plantation, and two or three steamboats.

The Alabama flows through the richest cotton country in the world. It winds about as if it had taken a contract to water as much of the state as possible, and give a good steamboat landing to every plantation. Our general course, from Mobile to Montgomery, was north-east, but we were often steaming for hours south-west, and in every other direction. The distance, as the crow flies, is a hundred and sixty miles; by the river it is little less than four hundred. The banks of the river are low in some places; in others high and precipitous, and everywhere covered with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation. There were a thousand landscapes in which a painter would revel.

The passengers were a curious study for the traveller. Here was a swarthy planter, taking his newly-purchased gang of hands up to his newly-bought plantation. He had purchased a thousand acres of wild land for twenty-five thousand dollars—five thousand down. He had bought four or five families of negroes at New Orleans, twenty-five thousand more—half cash. And now he was ready to clear away the forest, and raise cotton; to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton; and so on, until tired of the monotonous accumulation.

There were Virginians, also, who had been spending the winter in New Orleans, and were now returning before the hot season should commence. They were attended by their body servants; and nicer, better behaved, more intelligent, gentlemanly and lady-like people of color it would be difficult to find anywhere. If there is such a thing as genius for service or servitude, it is developed in these "hereditary bondsmen," who care so little to be free, that they will not "strike the blow."

We had politicians and preachers, and three Sisters of Charity from the hospitals of New Orleans, going home to recruit, a thousand miles, to their mother house in Maryland. All over the South these Sisters travel free. Where there is yellow fever they have friends, and no Southerner would touch their money.

At last we are at Montgomery. It is a beautiful little town, of ten thousand inhabitants, built upon more hills than Rome, with deep valleys between them. It is a city of palaces and gardens; not crowded into a narrow space, but spread out broadly over the hills and valleys, with wide streets, handsome villas, elegant shops, and such gardens as the South, with its glorious wealth of foliage and flowers, can give. A large and handsome domed state-house crowns one of the finest eminences.

Montgomery impresses the traveller with its beauty and riches. It is the centre of one of the finest cotton regions, in the finest cotton state—a state of sixty thousand square miles—and the plantations, which stretch away on every side, were in the highest state of cultivation. Every negro could make five or six bales of cotton, besides raising his own corns and bacon. A hundred negroes, therefore, besides their own support, made five or

six hundred bales of cotton, worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, which represents the clear profit of a well-conducted plantation. The yearly export of the single town of Montgomery was 100,000 bales, amounting to 5,000,000 dollars a year. Well might it be prosperous and rich. There may have been poor people, but I saw none. In a thousand miles of that country one never sees a hand held out for charity. On every side is abounding wealth. The population of such a city is like nothing in Europe. The middle class is small—the lower class is wanting. There is more wealth, style, and fashion in a town like Montgomery, of ten thousand inhabitants, than in a European town of eighty or a hundred thousand.

When I arrived in Montgomery, the good citizens had a new sensation. Since the abolition of the slave trade, no negroes had ever been imported from Africa, until the owner of the yacht Wanderer took a fancy to buy a small cargo at Dahomey, and distribute them, as an experiment, among the planters of Alabama. They did not sell for much; as there was risk in the purchase, few cared to try them. There was one native African boy at Montgomery; a bright little fellow enough, a pet with his master, of whom he had become very fond, and the little savage was learning the language, manners and customs very rapidly. There was no need to punish him. It was only necessary to threaten to send him back to Dahomey. He would fall on his knees in great distress, and earnestly beg to be saved from so terrible a misfortune.

Montgomery, like most of the considerable towns in America, has its cemetery laid out like a park or pleasure ground, and is becoming filled with ambitious marble monuments. A portion of the ground is set apart for negroes, and they, too, have their grave-stones, which record their humble virtues. I was struck by the original form of a marble monument which an honest German had raised to an adopted son, who had been drowned in the river. The epitaph was so peculiar that I copied it:

"Stop as you pass by my grave. Here I, John Schockier, rest my remains. I was born in New Orleans, the 22nd of Nov., 1841. I was brought up by good friends; not taking their advice, was drowned in this city in the Alabama river, the 27th of May, 1855. Now I have recovered from the effects of this atrocity."

One evening, as we were leaving Julia's house, the Colonel addressed me in a very quiet, and, indeed, in almost a friendly tone:

"Faith, now, my dear fellow," said he,

"this won't do at all. As only one of us can marry this girl, we must not both of us go loving her at this rate; so we'll meet to-morrow morning on Lansdown, and decide which it shall be. Just name your friend, and I'll desire my Cousin Bob, who always attends me on these occasions, to call and arrange the affair."

All the warmth of my affection for Julia thawed at these words. I could live for her, but I could not die for her; so I protested that had I known his pretensions to the lady, I should never have made advances, and should thenceforward think no more of her. This, he said, was so prodigiously handsome that he should be happy to become more particularly acquainted with me, and we parted with an engagement that I should dine with him the next day, having, he said, six elegant sisters, whom he was desirous of introducing me to. I went, and was most graciously received by the whole family, particularly by Miss O'Shane, the eldest daughter, a short, thick girl, with flaxen hair, (now, like Lord Byron, "I hate a dumpy woman," and flaxen hair is my abomination,) white cheeks, and no eyebrows. Next this lady was seated at dinner; in the evening we went to the rooms, and with this lady it was my fate to dance. The next morning the Colonel called on me, and took me with him to inquire after the ladies. They were about to go on a shopping expedition, and Miss O'Shane was handed over to my protection. In short, by the extremely clever conduct of Mrs. O'Shane, Col. O'Shane, and Miss O'Shane, the fashionable circles of the fashionable city of Bath speedily resounded with the intended marriage of this accomplished young lady and Mr. Tyrrel Tremington.

Things had gone on in this way for a few weeks, when, one morning, meeting the Colonel in the Crescent, he took me by the arm, and turning into the gravel walk, "Faith, Tremington," said he, "really, now, I don't think you use me well in this affair with my sister. Here's all the world acquainted with your attachment to Martha, (I always detested the name of Martha) except her own brother and your particular friend. Now, if this concealment arose from any doubt of my consent, my dear fellow, put that out of your head, for I do not know the man with whom I would sooner trust the girl's happiness than yourself. Upon my soul, now, I'm in earnest, and she is, I must say, the best creature in the world—just suited to you—full of soul and sentiment (a woman of soul and sentiment was always my abhorrence). Just now, to be sure, a shade of melancholy hangs about her, in consequence of Sir Thomas Liston's conduct. Perhaps you have not heard of it. Faith, he was a great scoundrel. It was at Brighton last summer. He had been paying her attentions at all times and everywhere—as kind and affectionate as your own, my dear fellow—and everybody said the day was fixed, as they do now respecting you, you know. He had made, too, considerable advances in her affections; not so far as you have, however, that I must acknowledge. Well, I spoke to him one morning, just as I am now speaking to you, and he had the impudence to tell me that he had nothing to do with the talk of the town, and that he had no intention of encumbering himself with a wife. You may guess the rest, my good fellow; we met the next morning on the Downs, and I settled his business completely. I never made a clearer shot in my life. The surgeon told me afterward that it went through the centre of the pericardium. It struck first just here," said the Colonel, tapping the fourth button of the left lapel of my coat; and the blow, gentle as it was, would have prostrated me had it not been for the supporting arm of the Colonel. "But come, I see you are agitated," continued he, "and the sooner we get over the declaration—the *premier pas*, you know—the sooner your happiness will begin."

I stopped a moment—I thought that I also could tell him that I was not prepared to enclose myself with a wife; for a moment I considered whether it would not be better to be shot at once than to be married to Miss

LOVE AND PISTOLS.

O'Shane; but the thought of the pistol-bullet through the centre of the pericardium, came across my mind with all its dreadful circumstantiality, and I suffered myself to be led to the Colonel's house, where we found the young lady solitary and melancholy. Here the Colonel soon settled the business; he assured his sister of my unaltered attachment, entreated her by a sister's love to have compassion on the feelings of his friend; and when the girl hid her face in one hand, and held out the other, he placed the latter in mine with a most tremendous squeeze, and declared it to be the happiest day of his life. He then led me aside, and entreated me to hurry the wedding-day too quickly; he hoped I could wait three weeks. Well, if I could not, if my ardor was so great, he must insist, for his sister's sake, that it should not take place for a fortnight. He then turned to his sister, and begged her, as she valued my happiness, she would not delay beyond the period he had named. What could Miss O'Shane reply to this affectionate adjuration? She turned up her eyes most pathetically, and vowed she valued my happiness too highly to permit her to refuse me anything.

Thus I went home an engaged man, and announced my fate, with tears and trembling, to my mother. The good old lady scolded, for she could scold, and I had not outgrown the terror of her voice. But arguments and anger were both thrown away upon me—the dreadful bullet through the pericardium rendered me deaf to the one and careless of the other.

My wedding morning arrived with a speed fearfully accelerated by my sensations of dread at its approach. Oh, that wretched morning! To complete its catalogue of miseries, it had been fixed for the union of the Colonel with my Julia. A large company was assembled at breakfast, but of the occurrences or conversation, either then or during the ceremony, I have no recollection; a sensation of utter despair overwhelmed me, and I have an indistinct remembrance of a vague desire to escape, when the great door of the abbey-church was closed with a violence that sent its echoes along the vaulted aisles, and seemed to thunder in my ears the sentence of misery to which I was doomed.

HER THOUGHT AND HIS.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

To-night she will dance at the palace,
With the diamonds in her hair:
And the Prince will praise her beauty—
The loveliest lady there!

But tones, at times, in the music,
Will bring back forgotten things:
And her heart will fail her sometimes,
When her beauty is praised at the Kings.

There sits in his silent chamber
A stern and sorrowful man:
But a strange sweet dream comes to him,
While the lamp is burning wan,

Of a sunset among the vineyards
In a lone and lovely land,
And a maiden standing near him,
With fresh wild-flowers in her hand.

THE WEDDING GARTMENT.

It has been denied by scholars well versed in Eastern customs, that it was ever a general practice for wealthy hosts to furnish garments to invited guests. But a recent traveller in the East, in a volume called *Tales About Turkey*, asserts, from his own knowledge, that this has been done in modern times, and that it was a prevailing custom in former days. He says:

I know that at the royal marriage of Sultan Mahmoud, a few years ago, every guest invited to the wedding had made expressly for him, at the expense of the Sultan, a wedding garment. No one, however dignified his station, was permitted to enter into the presence-chamber of that sovereign without a change of raiment. This was formerly the universal custom in the East. But inasmuch as these garments were very costly, and some of the guests invited might plead poverty, and thus appear unclad in the guest-chamber of the King, the cost was defrayed at Sultan Mahmoud's expense.

To each guest was presented a suit of wedding garments. Had any, therefore, appeared before this absolute sovereign without the wedding garment, the Sultan would have deemed his dignity insulted, and his magnificence despised.

The question, then, "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment?" (*Matt. xxiii: 12*) explains the speechless condition of the man. The wedding robe was ready, not at the expense of the invited one, but at the cost of the King. He had simply to obey the requirements of Eastern state—put on the garment, appear before his King, and do homage to him for his rich habit. His refusal to comply with this reasonable custom, and presuming, notwithstanding, to thrust himself into the presence of loyalty, was an avowal that he denied his authority to rule over him, and despised his power. Hence he was bound hand and foot, and cast out. Mahmoud took care to clothe all his guests in splendid apparel; and they knew their refusal to obey this ancient custom of covering themselves with the royal bounty would have entailed on the disobedient instant punishment, imprisonment and death.

IMMORT

TO LIZZIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY GENEVA.

Ah, Lizzie, you and I
Have surely reached our prime,
The spring-time of our lives
Has changed to summer time.

That we are growing old
I scarcely can believe;
But since it must be so,
We need not o'er it grieve.

It seems but yesterday,
Lizzie, since we began,
With hearts so light and gay,
The race of life to run;

And my heart beats as strong
As e'er it did to-day,
And life seems just as sweet,
And earth as fair and gay.

Although there have been times,
Lizzie, for you and me,
When sorrow has oppressed
Our hearts most heavily;

When to our eyes a pall
Was spread o'er all the earth,
And all the promises
Of life seemed nothing worth.

But such dark hours, thank God,
Do surely wear away,
Though slowly, and to night
Succeds triumphant day.

And, Lizzie, for the boon
Of life we'll be thankful be,
In spite of all the pain
It brings to you and me;

For life has yielded us
Much more of joy than pain,
And e'er our sufferings
Have not been all in vain.

For from our direst woes
Our best joys have had birth,
As richest plants spring forth
From dampest, darkest earth.

Lizzie, how very soon
This changing scene will close,
How soon we shall have felt
Our last of earthly woes.

But though this life is short,
Death opens wide the gate
To an eternal life,
For which we look and wait.

Then, Lizzie, we will smile
To see pale Death draw nigh,
And look for endless life
Above earth's changing sky.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST
LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS,"
"A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the
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Office of the District Court for the Eastern Dis-
trict of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER LIX.

ACHING HEARTS.

If there be one day in the whole year more gladdening to the heart than all others, it is surely the first day of early spring. It may come and give us a glimpse almost in mid-winter; it may not come until winter ought to have been long past; but, appear when it will, it brings rejoicing with it. How many a heart, sinking under its bitter burthen of care, is reawakened to hope by that first spring day of brightness. It seems to promise that there shall be yet a change in the dreary lot; it whispers that trouble may not last; that sickness may be superseded by health; that this dark wintry world will be followed by heaven.

Such a day was smiling over Deerham.—And they were only in the first days of February. The sun was warm, the fields were green, the sky was blue: all nature seemed to have put on her brightness. As Mrs. Duff stood at her door and exchanged greetings with sundry gossips passing by—an unusual number of whom were abroad—she gave it as her opinion that the charming weather had been vouchsafed as a special favor to Miss Decima Verner; for it was the wedding-day of that young lady and Sir Edmund Hautley.

Sir Edmund would fain have been married immediately after his return. Perhaps Decima would also. But Lady Verner, always given to study the proprieties of life, considered that it would be more seemly to allow a few months to roll on after the death of her son's wife. So the autumn and part of the winter were allowed to go by; and in this, the first week of February, they were united; being favored with weather that might have cheated them into a belief that it was May-day.

How anxious Deerham was to get a sight of her, as the carriages conveying the party to church drove to and fro. Lionel gave her away, and her bridesmaids were Lady Mary Elmsley and Lucy Tempest. The story of the long engagement between her and Edmund Hautley had electrified Deerham; and some began to wish that they had not called her an old maid quite so prematurely. Should it unfortunately have reached her ears, it might tend to place them in the black books of the future Lady Hautley. Lady Verner was rather against Jan's going to church. Lady Verner's private opinion was—indeed, as he had said her proclaimed opinion as well—*that* Jan would be no ornament to a wedding party. But Decima, which Jan had given conditionally—that no

patients required him at the time. But Jan's patients proved themselves considerate that day; and Jan appeared not only at the church, but at the breakfast.

At the dinner also in the evening. Sir Edmund and Lady Hautley had left them; but those who remained of course wanted some dinner: and had it. It was a small party, more social than formal. Mr. and Mrs. Bitterworth, Lord Garis and his sister, Miss Hautley, and John Massingbird. Miss Hautley was again staying temporarily at Deerham Hall, but she would leave it on the following day. John Massingbird was invited at the special request of Lionel. Perhaps John was less of an ornament to a social party than even Jan, but Lionel had been anxious that no slight should be placed upon him. It would have been a slight for the owner of Verner's Pride to be left out at Decima Verner's wedding. Lady Verner held out a little while; she did not like John Massingbird; never had like any of the Massingbirds; but Lionel carried his point. John Massingbird showed himself presentable that day, and had left his pipe at home.

In one point Mr. Massingbird proved himself as little given to ceremony as Jan could be. The dinner hour, he had been told, was seven o'clock; and he arrived shortly after six. Lucy Tempest and Mary Elmsley were in the drawing-room. Fair, graceful girls both of them in their floating white bridesmaids' robes, which they would wear for the day: Lucy always serene and quiet; Mary, merry-hearted, gay-natured. Mary was to stay with them for some days. They looked somewhat scared at the early entrance of John Massingbird. Curious tales had gone about Deerham of John's wild habits at Verner's Pride, and, it may be, they felt half afraid of him. Lucy whispered to the servant to find Mr. Verner and tell him. Lady Verner had gone to her room to make ready for dinner.

"I say, young ladies, is it six or seven o'clock that we are to dine?" he began. "I could not remember."

"Seven," replied Lucy.

"I am too soon by an hour, then," returned he, sitting down in front of the fire. "How are you by this time, Lionel?" Lionel shook hands with him as he came in. "Never mind; we are glad to see you," he said, in answer to a half apology from John Massingbird about the arriving early. "I can show you those calculations now, if you like."

"How glad she must be!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Rather sorry, I thought," returned John.

"She looked very quaky and shivery. I tell you what, Lionel," he continued, turning to him, "your dinner will not be ready this three-quarters of an hour yet. I'll just go as far as old Roy's, and have a word with Luke. I have got a top-coat in the hall."

He went out without ceremony. Lionel walked with him to the door. It was a fine starlight evening. When he, Lionel, returned, Lucy was alone. Mary Elmsley had left the room.

"How shall I live on, with you away? It will be more lonely than I can bear."

"Don't, child!" he said, in a wailing tone of entreaty. "The temptation from my own heart is all too potent. Don't you tempt me. Strong man though I am, there are things that I cannot bear."

He leaned on the mantel-piece, shading his face with his hand. Lucy stood in silence, striving to suppress her emotion from breaking forth.

"In the old days—very long ago, they seem now, to look back upon—I had the opportunity of assuring my life's happiness," he continued, in a low, steady tone. "I did not do it; I let it slip from me, foolishly, wilfully, of my own free act. But, Lucy—believe me or not as you like—I loved the one I rejected, more than the one I took. Before the sound of my marriage bells had yet rung out on my ears, the terrible conviction was within me that I loved that other better than all created things. You may judge, then, what my punishment has been."

She raised her eyes to his face, but he did not see them, did not look at her. He continued:

"It was the one great mistake of my life: made by myself alone. I cannot plead the excuse which so many are able to plead for life's mistakes, that I was drawn into it. I made it deliberately, as may be said; of my own free will. It is but just, therefore, that I should expiate it. How I have suffered in the expiation, heaven alone knows. It is true that I bound myself in a moment of delirium, of passion, giving myself no time for thought; but I have never looked upon that fact as an excuse; for, a man who has come to the years I had, should hold his feelings under his own control. Yet I missed that opportunity, and the chance went by for life."

"What should you go?" asked Lucy.

"Because I—because it is expedient that I should, for many reasons," he answered.

"You do not like to remain subservient to John Massingbird?"

"It is not that. I have got over that. My prospects have been so utterly blighted, Lucy, that I think some of the old pride of the Verner race has gone out of me. I do not see a chance of getting anything to do, half as good as this stewardship—as he but now called it—under John Massingbird. But I shall try at it."

"What shall you try, do you think?"

"I cannot tell. I should like to get something abroad; I should like to go to India. I do not suppose I have any real chance of getting an appointment there; but stopping in Deerham will certainly not bring it to me. That, or anything else."

"Lucy's lips had parted.

"You will not think of going to India now?" she breathlessly exclaimed.

"Indeed I do think of it, Lucy."

"So far off as that!"

The words were uttered with a strange sound of pain. Lionel passed his hand over his brow, the action betokening pain quite as great as Lucy's tone. Lucy rose from her seat and stood near him, her thoughtful face upturned.

"What is left for me in England?" he resumed. "What am I here? A man without home, fortune, hope. I have worse than no prospects. The ceremony at which we have been assisting this day, seems to have brought the bare facts more palpably before me in all their naked truth. Other men can have a home, can form social ties to bless it. I cannot."

"But why?" asked Lucy, her lips trembling.

"Why? Can you ask it, Lucy? There are moments—and they are all too frequent—when a fond vision comes over me of what my future might be; of the new ties I might form, and find the happiness in that—that I did not find in the last. The vision, I say, comes all too frequently for my peace of

mind, when I realize the fact that it can never be fulfilled."

Lionel stood, her hands lightly clasped before her, a world of sadness in her fair young face. One less entirely single-hearted, less true than Lucy Tempest, might have professed to ignore the drift of his words. Had Lucy, since Mrs. Verner's death, cast a thought to the possibility of certain happy relations arising between her and Lionel—those social ties he now spoke of? No, not intentionally. If any such dreams did lurk in her heart unbidden, there she had let them lie, in entire abeyance. Lionel Verner had never spoken a word to her, or dropped a hint that he contemplated such; his intercourse with her had been free and open, just as it was with Decima. She was quite content to be with him, to see him daily, was enough of happiness for her, without looking to the future.

"The further I get away from England, the better," he resumed. "India, from old associations, naturally suggests itself, but I care not whether I go. You threw out a suggestion once, Lucy, that Colonel Tempest might be able to help me to something there, by which I may get a living. Should I have found no success in London by the time he arrives, it is my intention to seek him the favor. He will be home in a few weeks, now."

"And you talk of leaving Deerham immediately!" cried Lucy. "Where's the necessity? You should wait until he comes."

"I have waited too long, as it is. Deerham will be glad to get rid of me. It may hold a jubilee the day he hears I have shipped myself off for India. I wonder if I shall ever come back? Probably not. I and old friends may never meet again on this side of Heaven."

He had been affecting to speak lightly, jokingly, toying at the same time with some trifles on the mantel-piece. But has he turned his eyes on Lucy at the conclusion of his sentence, he saw that the tears were falling on her cheeks. The words, the ideas they conjured up, had jarred painfully on every fibre of her heart. Lionel's light mood was gone.

"Lucy," he whispered, bending to her, his tone changing to one of passionate earnestness. "I dare not stay here longer. There are moments when I am tempted to forget my position, to forget honor, and speak words that—I ought not to speak. Even now, as I look down upon you, my heart is throbbing, my veins are tingling; but I must not touch you with my finger, or tell you of my impassioned love. All I can do is to carry it away with me, and bathe it alone."

Her face had grown white with emotion. She raised her wet eyes yearningly to his; but she still spoke the simple truth, unvarnished, the great agony that was lying at her heart.

"How shall I live on, with you away? It will be more lonely than I can bear."

"Don't, child!" he said, in a wailing tone of entreaty. "The temptation from my own heart is all too potent. Don't you tempt me. Strong man though I am, there are things that I cannot bear."

He leaned on the mantel-piece, shading his face with his hand. Lucy stood in silence, striving to suppress her emotion from breaking forth.

"In the old days—very long ago, they seem now, to look back upon—I had the opportunity of assuring my life's happiness," he continued, in a low, steady tone. "I did not do it; I let it slip from me, foolishly, wilfully, of my own free act. But, Lucy—believe me or not as you like—I loved the one I rejected, more than the one I took. Before the sound of my marriage bells had yet rung out on my ears, the terrible conviction was within me that I loved that other better than all created things. You may judge, then, what my punishment has been."

She raised her eyes to his face, but he did not see them, did not look at her. He continued:

"It was the one great mistake of my life: made by myself alone. I cannot plead the excuse which so many are able to plead for life's mistakes, that I was drawn into it. I made it deliberately, as may be said; of my own free will. It is but just, therefore, that I should expiate it. How I have suffered in the expiation, heaven alone knows. It is true that I bound myself in a moment of delirium, of passion, giving myself no time for thought; but I have never looked upon that fact as an excuse; for, a man who has come to the years I had, should hold his feelings under his own control. Yet I missed that opportunity, and the chance went by for life."

"What should you go?" asked Lucy.

"Because I—because it is expedient that I should, for many reasons," he answered.

"You do not like to remain subservient to John Massingbird?"

"It is not that. I have got over that. My prospects have been so utterly blighted, Lucy, that I think some of the old pride of the Verner race has gone out of me. I do not see a chance of getting anything to do, half as good as this stewardship—as he but now called it—under John Massingbird. But I shall try at it."

"What shall you try, do you think?"

"I cannot tell. I should like to get something abroad; I should like to go to India. I do not suppose I have any real chance of getting an appointment there; but stopping in Deerham will certainly not bring it to me. That, or anything else."

"Lucy's lips had parted.

"You will not think of going to India now?" she breathlessly exclaimed.

"Indeed I do think of it, Lucy."

"So far off as that!"

The words were uttered with a strange sound of pain. Lionel passed his hand over his brow, the action betokening pain quite as great as Lucy's tone. Lucy rose from her seat and stood near him, her thoughtful face upturned.

"What is left for me in England?" he resumed. "What am I here? A man without home, fortune, hope. I have worse than no prospects. The ceremony at which we have been assisting this day, seems to have brought the bare facts more palpably before me in all their naked truth. Other men can have a home, can form social ties to bless it. I cannot."

"But why?" asked Lucy, her lips trembling.

"Why? Can you ask it, Lucy? There are moments—and they are all too frequent—when a fond vision comes over me of what my future might be; of the new ties I might form, and find the happiness in that—that I did not find in the last. The vision, I say, comes all too frequently for my peace of

mind, when I realize the fact that it can never be fulfilled."

Lionel stood, her hands lightly clasped before her, a world of sadness in her fair young face. One less entirely single-hearted, less true than Lucy Tempest, might have professed to ignore the drift of his words. Had Lucy, since Mrs. Verner's death, cast a thought to the possibility of certain happy relations arising between her and Lionel—those social ties he now spoke of? No, not intentionally. If any such dreams did lurk in her heart unbidden, there she had let them lie, in entire abeyance. Lionel Verner had never spoken a word to her, or dropped a hint that he contemplated such; his intercourse with her had been free and open, just as it was with Decima. She was quite content to be with him, to see him daily, was enough of happiness for her, without looking to the future.

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by them. "Did you fancy I was going to sleep there?"

"Master Cheese thought you would keep it up until morning."

"Oh! did he? Is he gone to bed?"

"He is in the surgery," replied Miss Amilly.

"Mr. Jan, you have told us nothing yet about the wedding in the morning."

"It went off," answered Jan.

"But the details? How did the ladies look?"

"They looked as usual, for all I saw," replied Jan.

"What did they wear?"

"Wear? Gowns, I suppose."

"Oh, Mr. Jan! Surely you saw better than that! Can't you tell what sort of gowns?"

Jan really could not. It may be questioned whether he could have told a petticoat from a gown. Miss Amilly was waiting with breathless interest, her lips apart.

"Some were in white, and some were in colors, I think," hazarded Jan, trying to be correct in his good nature. "Decima was in a veil."

"Of course she was," acquiesced Miss Amilly, with emphasis. "Did the bridesmaids?"

What pertinent question, relating to the bridesmaids, Miss Amilly was about to put, never was known. A fearful sound interrupted it. A sound nearly impossible to describe. Was it a crash of thunder? Had an engine from the distant railway taken up its station outside their house, and gone off with a bang? Or had the surgery blown up? The room they were in shook, the windows rattled, the Miss Wests screamed with real terror, and Jan started from his seat.

"It can't be an explosion of gas!" he muttered.

Bursting out of the room, he nearly knocked down Martha, who was bursting into it. Instinct, or perhaps sound, took Jan to the surgery, and they all followed in his wake. Bob, the image of terrified consternation, stood in the midst of a *debris* of glass, his mouth open, and his hair standing on end. The glass bottles and jars of the establishment had flown from their shelves, causing the unhappy Bob to believe that the world had come to an end.

But what was the *debris* there, compared to the *debris* in the next room, Jan's? The window was out, the furniture was split, the various chemical apparatus had been shattered into a hundred pieces, the tamarind jar was in two, and Master Cheese was extended on the floor on his back, his hands scorched, his eyebrows singed off, his face black, and the end of his nose burning.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said Jan, when his eyes took in the state of things. "I knew it would come to it."

"He has been and blown himself up," replied Bob, who had stolen in after them.

"Is it the gas?" sobbed Miss Amilly, hardly able to speak for terror.

"No, it's not the gas," returned Jan, examining the *debris* more closely. "It's one of that gentleman's chemical experiments."

Deborah West was bending over the prostrate form in alarm. "He surely can't be dead!" she shivered, taking Master Cheese by the arm to assist him.

He was placed in a chair, and there he sat, coming to, and emitting sundry dismal groans.

"I told you what you'd bring it to, if you persisted in attempting experiments that you know nothing about," was Jan's reprimand, delivered in a sharp tone. "A pretty state of things, this."

Master Cheese groaned again.

"Are you much hurt?" asked Miss Deb, in a sympathizing accent.

"On-o-o-o-o-h" replied Master Cheese.

"A glass of wine might revive me."

"Get up," said Jan, "and let's see if you can walk. He's not hurt, Miss Deb."

Master Cheese, yielding to the peremptory movement of Jan's arm, had no resource but to show them that he could walk. He had taken a step or two so dolefully as it was possible for him to do, keeping his eyes shut, and stretching out his hands before him after the manner of the blind, when an interruption came from Miss Amilly.

"What can this be, lying here?"

She was bending her head near the old bureau, which had been rent in the explosion, her eyes fixed upon some large letter or paper on the floor. They crowded round at the words, Jan picked it up, and found it to be a folded parchment, bearing a great seal.

"Hallos!" exclaimed Jan.

On the outside was written "Codicil to the will of Stephen Verner."

"What is it?" exclaimed Miss Deborah, and even Master Cheese contrived to get his eyes open to look.

"It is the lost codicil," replied Jan. "It must have been in that bureau. How did it get there?"

How indeed! There ensued a pause.

"It must have been placed there"—Jan was beginning, and then he stopped himself. He would not, before those ladies, say—"by Dr. West."

But to Jan it was now perfectly clear. That old hunting for the "prescription" which had puzzled him at the time, was explained now. There was the "prescription"—the codicil. Dr. West had had it in his hand when disturbed in that room by a stranger; he had flung it back in the bureau in his hurry, pushed it back; by some unexplainable means he must have pushed it too far out of sight. And there it had lain until now, intact and unbroken.

The hours of the Miss Wests were turning to sackcloth, their countenances to paler. That it could be no other than their father who had stolen the codicil from Stephen Verner's dying chamber, was present to their conviction. He must be said to have been to prevent Verner's Pride passing to Lionel, over his daughter and her husband. What did he think of his work when the news of public spirit.

case of Frederick's death? What did he think of it when John Massingbird returned in person. What did he think of it when he read Sibylla's dying message, written to him by Amilly—"Tell papa it is the leaving Verner's Pride that has killed me!"

"I shall take possession of this," said Jan Verner.

The first thing on the following morning the codicil was handed over to Mr. Mather. He immediately recognized it by its appearance. But it would be opened officially later, in the presence of John Massingbird. Jan took to himself Verner's Pride to carry the news, and found Mr. Massingbird astride on a pillar of the terrace steps, smoking away with gusto. The day was warm and sunshiny as the previous one had been.

"What, is it you?" cried he, when Jan came in sight. "You are up here betimes. Anybody dying, this way?"

"Not this morning," replied Jan. "I say, Massingbird, there's ill news in the wind for you."

"What's that?" composedly asked John, lifting some ashes out of his pipe.

"That codicil has come to light."

John puffed up vigorously, staring at Jan, but never speaking.

"The thief must have been old West," went on Jan. "Only think! it has been hidden all this while in that bureau of his, in my bed-room."

"What has unhidden it?" demanded Mr. Massingbird, in a half-satirical tone, as if he doubted the truth of the information.

"An explosion did that. Cheese got meddled with dangerous substances, and there was a blow-up. The bureau was thrown down and broken, and the codicil was dislodged. To talk of it, it sounds like an old Stage trick."

"Did Cheese blow himself up?" asked John Massingbird.

"Yes. But he came down again. He is in bed with burnt hands and a scorched face. If I had told him once to let that dangerous play alone—dangerous in his hands—I had told him ten times."

"Where's the codicil?" inquired Mr. Massingbird, smoking away.

"In Mather's charge. You'd like to be present, I suppose, at the time of its being opened?"

"I can take your word," returned John Massingbird. "This does not surprise me. I have always had an impression that the codicil would turn up."

"It is more than I have had," disengaged Jan.

As if by common consent, they spoke no further on the subject of the abstraction and its guilty instrument. It was a pleasant theme to neither. John Massingbird, little refinement of feeling as he possessed, could not forget that Dr. West was his mother's brother; or Jan, that he was his late master, his present partner—that he was connected with him in the eyes of Deoram. Before they had spoken much longer, they were joined by Lionel.

"I shall give you no trouble, old fellow," was John Massingbird's salutation. "You gave me none."

"Thank you," answered Lionel. Though what precise trouble it lay in John Massingbird's power to give him, he did not see, considering that things were now so plain.

"You'll accord me house-room for a bit longer, though, won't you?"

"I will accord it to you as long as you like," replied Lionel, in the warmth of his heart.

"You know I would have had you stop on here all along," remarked Mr. Massingbird; "but the bar to it was Sibylla. I am not sorry the thing's found. I am growing tired of my life here. It has come into my mind at times lately to think whether I should not give up to you, Lionel, and be off over the seas again. It's tame work, this, to one who has roughed it at the diggings."

"You don't have done it," observed Jan, alluding to the giving up.

"P'raps not," said John Massingbird; "but I have owed a debt to Lionel for a long while. I say, old chap, didn't you think I clapped on a good sum for your trouble when I offered you the management of Verner's Pride?"

"I did," answered Lionel.

"Ay! I was in your debt; am in it still. Careless as I am, I thought of it now and then."

"I do not understand you," said Lionel. "In what way are you in my debt?"

"Let me go for now," returned John. "I may tell you some time perhaps. When shall you take up your abode here?"

Lionel smiled.

"I will not invade you without warning. You and I will take counsel together, John, and discuss plans and expediencies."

"I suppose you'll be setting about your improvements now?"

"Yes," answered Lionel, his tone changing to one of deep seriousness, not to say reverence. "Without loss of time."

"I told you they could wait until you came into the estate. It has not been long first, you see."

"No; but I never looked for it," said Lionel.

"Ah! Things turn up that we don't look for," concluded Jan in Massingbird, smoking on as serenely as though he had come into an estate, instead of having lost one. "There'll be bonfires all over the place to-night, Lionel. A left-handed compliment to me. Here comes Luke Roy. I told him to be here this morning. What nuts this will be for old Roy to crack! He has been fit to stick me ever since I refused him the management of Verner's Pride."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PUBLIC SPIRIT—It is recorded of Sir Francis O'Brien, a deceased member of Parliament, that he commended as a hotel-keeper, but by energy and public spirit worked his way up to the Lord Mayoralty of Dublin and Parliament. In the country we speak plainer, and say by watering his liquor, instead

A QUAKER VISION.

Joseph Hong was born in the year 1769, and resident in early life in the state of New York, but removed to Vermont, where he died in 1848. His parents being members of the religious Society of Friends, he had a birth-right membership. He and his wife (Huidah) were both ministers and highly esteemed. They had a large family, and all of their children became ministers. The following vision, though not printed and made public until within a few years, was well known to his family and a number of his friends many years before any part of it was published.

THE VISION.

In the year 1803, in the eighth or ninth month, I was one day alone in the field, and observed that the sun shone clear, but a mist eclipsed its brightness.

As I reflected upon the singularity of the event, my mind was struck into a silence the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed; for all my faculties were low, and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself:—"What can all this mean? I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings."

And I heard a voice from Heaven saying:—"This which thou seest is a sign of the present coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression; I placed them here among the People of the Forest; I sustained them, and while they were humble I blessed them and fed them, and they became a numerous people. But they have now become proud, and have forgotten Me, who nourished them and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty, and have taken quietude from the land and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them—lift up thine eyes and behold." And I saw them dividing in great heat. The division began in the Churches on points of doctrine; it commenced in the Presbyterian society, and went through the various religious denominations, and in its progress and close its effects were the same. Those who disengaged went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept to their original sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when the dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends, it raged in as high a degree as in any I had noticed or before discovered; and, as before, those who separated went off with lofty looks and taunting, censuring language. Those who kept their ancient principles retired by themselves. It next appeared in the Lodges of the Free Masons; it broke out in appearance like a volcano, inasmuch as it set the country in an uproar for a time.

Then it entered politics throughout the United States, and did not stop until it produced a civil war. An abundance of blood was shed in the course of the contest; the Southern states lost their power, and slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then a monarchial power sprang up, took the government of the states, established a National religion, and made all societies tributary to support its expenses; I saw them take property from Friends. I was amazed at holding all this; and I heard a voice proclaiming:—"This power shall not always stand; but with it will chaste My Church, until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Thou seest what is coming upon thy native country, for their iniquities and the blood of Africa; the remembrance of which has come up before me."

These are curious facts. Their value will perhaps appear on further discussion. Dead insects and live leeches have long figured in pharmacy; but it will be something new to have to buy living hymenoptera, hemiptera, and aptera, in which orders stinging insects are found, to use as medical remedies. Yet

three years ago, and every subsequent reappearance of the malady has been cured by similar means; and by a wasp sting on his neck an attack of bronchitis was overcome.

Among other instances mentioned by Dr. Desmarais, we notice a hopeless case of cholera in a man, and epileptiform disease in a child, both cured by the sting of a scorpion; and it appears that lachrymal fistula, and some other diseases of the eye, are curable by the sting of a wasp or bee.

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NEWS ITEMS.

NEW DEPARTMENT.—A military Department of the East has been created, to consist of the New England states and the state of New York. Head quarters, New York city. Gen. Wool is in command.

THIRTY SEVEN persons, ladies and gentlemen, while skating on a pond near Harpersville, Conn., lately, broke through the ice, and twenty-seven of them were drowned. (Doubtful.)

By the report of the Commissioners under the act for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, it appears that one thousand persons have applied, and three thousand slaves have been freed at a cost of \$900,000.

PRODUCTIVE STRATEGY.—A fleet of arms is thus reported in the Paris Constitutionnel:—“A detachment of four French marines in Senegal, under the command of a sergeant named Burq, who were entrenched in the post of Kaolak, kept in check for fourteen hours, and finally repulsed, a body of five thousand natives, under the orders of two despoiled chiefs, named Maha and Macadon. When the enemy retired before such an heroic resistance, there were found lying round the post the bodies of two hundred and fifty men and seventy horses. The remainder of the army had fled in disorder across the Saloum.”

AN ICE PALACE.—A magnificent skating lake is about to be opened at Montreal. When lighted up and crowded with skaters it will be one of the most beautiful sights in the city. Edward Hassel, a Berlin architect, who constructed many of the far famed ice palaces of St. Petersburg, proposes constructing an ice palace on the river opposite the city. The building will be forty feet high, one hundred and forty feet long, and fifty-six feet deep, and will be surrounded by a colonnade, and topped with a dome, all, with the exception of the windows and doors, to be built of ice.

STAR KING'S NEW CHURCH.—The new church of Rev. T. Starr King, in San Francisco, the cornerstone of which was laid Dec. 3d, 1862, will be 65 feet from by 120 feet in depth, with a vestry adjoining, on the east side, 44 by 48 feet. The church will be built entirely of brick, in the Gothic style of architecture, with eight pinnacles, the highest point of which will be 83 feet from the street grade. There will be six rows of pews on the main floor, surrounded with a gallery. The total cost of the church and vestry-elliptic adjoining is estimated at fifty thousand dollars.

FEMALES AT A PREMIUM.—Good accounts have reached England from the female emigrants who were sent out to British Columbia. The Lord Bishop of that colony writes that all the women who have arrived found situations immediately, and both he and Archdeacon Wright are as clamorous as Oliver Twist for “more.” Females are at a premium in that region.

SHARP PRACTICE.—At the poor-house, in Pittsford, Mass., two paupers, respectively sixty-seven and fifty-four years of age, were recently married. The reason given by the overseer of the poor for this proceeding is that he was crowded for room, and gained the use of an apartment by the marriage.

NOTRE DAME STATUES.—Workmen are now engaged in placing in the Gothic arcades of the grand front of Notre Dame, in Paris, the eight remaining statues to complete the twenty-eight which stood there previously from Clovis down to Philip Augustus.

AS A SIMPLE MODE OF RELIEVING THE DIFFICULTY sometimes experienced in ascertaining the exact weight of their silver plate, the Baltimore Sun says it will perhaps serve their convenience to state that a pound avoirdupois (grocer's or usual household weight) is equal to 14½ ounces Troy, or silver weight. In other words, 16 ounces avoirdupois is 14½ ounces Troy. Then weigh your silver, and multiply the number of pounds by the 14½, and you have the number of ounces.

THE BRITISH FIRM of Glass, Elliot & Co., of London, offer to manufacture and submerge sea cables connecting all the points between Washington and New Orleans, to be paid only on the successful completion and delivery to the government of the lines in good working order.

RICHMOND PAPERS say that the negroes employed there on fortifications are literally starved. The rations given them are:—For dinner, three-quarters of an ounce of meat and three and three-quarters ounces of bread; the same of bread without meat for breakfast and supper—and the bread is heavy and indigestible; altogether twelve ounces of food per day. The owners of the negroes are raising a row about the matter.

FATHER AND SON.—In a large mercantile house in Philadelphia, employed at a salary of seven dollars a week, as a porter, a man of about 70 years old. In the same store is employed the porter's son at a salary of \$2,500 per annum. As the son sells the goods the old man hauls them to the sidewalk. There is in this city another case—that of a rich man, living in the bosom of luxury, whose father vends apples from a basket on the street corner next his door. —*North American*.

THE President has closed the contract proposed some time ago by M. Bernard Koch, for the voluntary colonization of negroes on the Haytian Island A' Vache. M. Koch has a lease of the island for the term of ten years. The contract is for the colonization of 5,000 persons, at a cost of \$50 each.

ON NEW Year's evening, in East Greenwich, R. I., Caesar Clark, aged about 100, was married to Betsy Foy, aged about 70.

In skating upon a pond at Broomfield, New Jersey, some days since, a boy named Higgins fell through the ice, remaining in the water out of sight some fifteen minutes, when he was taken out for dead. A village physician, however, applied a galvanic battery, with other means, and after six hours' labor succeeded in restoring animation.

In the last Gettysburg (Pa.) Star, under the obituary head, we find the following list of deaths which have recently occurred in one family in that county:—In Franklin township, of diphtheria, Oct. 26, Levi Daywait, aged 18 years, 6 months and 7 days; Nov. 4, Polly Daywait, aged 24 years, 8 months and 10 days; Nov. 16, Jessie Daywait, aged 17 years, 6 months and 5 days; Nov. 16, Susan H. (sister), aged 21 years, 7 months and 24 days; Dec. 30, Esey Daywait (mother), aged 48 years, 6 months and 7 days. Leaving the husband and father, Gez. Daywait, the only surviving member of the family.

FRENCH IRON FRIGATES.—The French government has decided not to proceed with any more iron frigates, as recent experiments, more especially with flat head shell—the missile Mr. Whitworth has employed with such startling effect against the armor-plated targets—have, it is alleged, shown them that the artillerists are more than a match for the ship-builders.

PAPER MADE OF WOOD.—The Boston Journal is printed on paper made of wood by a new process. The paper presents a clear surface, is of soft and firm texture, and admirably adapted for newspaper purposes.

The Journal states that this paper is not a fair test of what the manufacturers propose to do, but it certainly proves that there are other materials than rags which can be used successfully in the manufacture of white paper.

CONTINUATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—A contemporaneous newspaper in a curious fact, that Gen. Scott, during the war, predicted that the fought out of the rebellion would be there to join up the Mississippi, and of course would be about eight.

LAST HOURS OF DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

The following notes of the last hours of this distinguished divine, and “father of the Beechers,” who died recently, were written by his daughter, Mrs. Stowe:—

For the last year of his life, all the organs of communication and expression with the outer world seemed to fail. His utterance was, much of the time, unintelligible sounds, with only short snatches and phrases from which could be gathered that the internal current still flowed. Still his eye remained luminous, and the expression of his face, when calm, was marked both by strength and sweetness. Occasionally a flash of his old quick humor would light up his face, and a quick reply would break out in the most unexpected manner. One day, as he lay on the sofa, his daughter stood by him brushing his long, white hair, his eyes were fixed on the window, and the whole expression of his face was peculiarly serene and humorous. “Do you know,” she said, stroking his hair, that you are a very handsome old gentleman?” Instantly his eyes twinkled with a roguish light, and he answered quickly, “Tell me something new.”

In another mood as he sat gazing apparently into vacancy, a friend drew near and began to read to him a little article cut from the papers, called “The Working and the Waiting Servant.” He drew nearer and nearer, listened with fixed attention, and finally covered his eyes with his fingers and the tears at once course down his cheeks. “How could you know that was what I needed,” he said. “Keep that and read to me often.”

At another time when she had composed him to his night's rest, she named over to him the names of his old friends, Taylor, Edwards, Cornelius, &c. “Oh, I know them all,” he said. Then in a moment with an effort at utterance, “One more thing let me say—they are all gone, gone! I am left alone, alone!”

Dec. 30.—The vest was rent for a few hours, and a vision of transfiguration was vouchsafed. He called, “Mother, mother, come sit beside me; I have had a glorious vision of Heaven!” His countenance was luminous, his utterance full and strong as in his best days. He continued: “I think I have begun to go. Oh, such scenes as I have been permitted to behold. I have seen the King of Glory himself—blessed God for revealing Thyself! I did not think I could behold such glory while in the flesh.” He prayed in an inspired manner for some time, and then soliloquized: “Until this evening my hope was a conditional one—now it is full, free, entire. Oh, glory to God!”

I asked, “Had you any fear?”

“No, none at all; and, what is wonderful, I have no pain either,” passing his hand over his head.

I repeated, “I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.”

“How wonderful!” he answered, “that a creature can approach the Creator so as to awake in his likeness! Oh, glorious, glorious God!”

I rejoiced with you, father.”

I know you rejoice as a pious woman, but you cannot enter into my experience now.”

Father, did you see Jesus?”

“All was swallowed up in God himself.”

For an hour he was in this state, talking and praying. The next day he remarked that he had an indistinct remembrance of some great joy. The last indication of life, on the day of his death, was a mute response to his wife, repeating

“Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

The last hours of his earthly sleep his face was illuminated with a solemn and divine radiance, and so fitly and tenderly, without even a sigh, he passed to the everlasting rest.

AN ARMENIAN TRAGEDY.—The author of “Vacation Tourists” relates the following adventure in the East:—“When I was at the large town of E—, in Armenia, the pashas governing that part of the country was changed. His successor was a Georgian, who sold in his childhood to a wealthy Turk. The boy grew and prospered, and, after passing through subordinate offices, he was some years previous to the time I speak of, intrusted with the command of a district. On his departure from Constantinople the Sultan was pleased to give to him a wife, as is not unusual, a lady from the royal harem. With her he lived most happily for three years, when, by some means—whether by a mutual recollection of some incident which had happened, or some spot which had been seen in childhood—I know not what, these two, man and wife, discovered that they were brother and sister. The wife, like the husband, had been sold away from her country, and met her brother in this strange, wretched man.”

COAL.—The market is unsettled, and 40s. yellow are reported at 38s. 6d. to 40s.

COAL.—The market is unsettled and 40s. yellow being little or nothing in demand.

COFFEE.—There is little or no stock in first hands, and the market is quiet but very firm, with sales of some 1,200 bags in small lots, part to come from another market, at 27s. 6d. to 28s. 6d. for packed. Cheese is quiet at 10s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. Eggs are lower and selling at 19s. 6d. to 20s. 6d.

COTTON.—The market has been more active since our last notice, and with very reduced stock and light receipts, prices are 16s. better, with sales of some 350 bags in small lots at 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. for barley, and 8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d. for barley.

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Wit and Humor.

A YANKEE DEVICE.

One of our peculiar, slab-sided, gaunt Yankees hasty emigrated and settled down in the West. He was the very picture of a mean man, but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors willingly lent him a hand. After he had got everything fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerful fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor, and thus accosted him:

"Well, I reckon you hasn't got no old hen now nothin' you'd lend me for a few weeks, have you, neighbor?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure," replied the gentleman, picking out the very finest in the coop.

The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen eggs. He then set the hen, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen chickens.

The Yankee was again puzzled: he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea—and who ever saw a live Yankee without one?—he would keep the hen until she had laid a dozen eggs.

This he did, and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, remarking, as he did so:

"Well, I reckon I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as ever you laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent neither."

HOW TO SWEETEN THE GALS.

To hear Carswell tell the "Druggist" story is worth a quarter any time. The story is capital, but it takes the man to tell it. This he does in some such words as these:—

"Be you the druggist?"

"Well, I 'posse' s'ell drugs."

"Wall, hav you got any of this here sentin' stuff as the gals put on their hanke'chers?"

"Oh, yes," replied the druggist.

"Wall, our Sal's gwin to be married; and she gin me ninepence and told me to invest the hull 'mount in sentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so if you're a mind, I'll just smell round."

The Yankee smelled round without being sooted until the druggist got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said:—

"I've got a sentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop on a handkerchief will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it, you take a good big smell."

"Is that so, mister? Wall, just hold on a minute till I get breath, and when I say now, you put it under my smeller."

The hartshorn, of course, knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has many a man. Do you suppose he got up and smell again, as the drunkard does? Not he; but rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists, he said,

"You made me smell that everlastin' stuff, mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone!"

SELLING A WATCH.—"Paddy, honey, will you buy my watch now?"

"And is it about selling your watch yare, Mike?"

"Troth, it is, darlin."

"What's the price?"

"Ten shillings and a mutchkin of the creature."

"Is the watch a decent one?"

"Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it never once deceived me."

"Well, here's your tin; now tell me, does it go well?"

"Bedad, an' it goes faster than any watch in Connacht, Munster, Ulster, or Lienster, not barring Dublin."

"Bad luck to ye, Mike, you have taken me in. Didn't you say it never deceived you?"

"Sure an' I did—not did it—for I never depended on it."

GIVING AN IDEA.—In trying to report some actors and orators, the critic is always reminded of the Leith shoemaker, who went to Edinburgh to hear Jenny Lind. On his return, his comrades of the lapstone began the following conversation:—

"Weel, Saunders, mon, an' how did ye like the lass?"

"Oh, muckle, lads, muckle."

"Non, Saunders, mon, could na ye jest give us an idea of the lass? How does she sing, Saunders, mon?"

A long pause, during which Saunders thinks and clears his throat, then—

"La, la, la, la—O-o-o-o-o-h" (Tremendous shriek in piccolo). "Like that—only better."

SINGULAR EFFECT OF GRIME.—A young lady reading the "Prisoner of Chillon" to another came to the part where the prisoner's hair was changed gradually from dark to white, when she was interrupted with:— "White! How odd, to be sure! Well, I know nothing about men's hair; but there is our old friend, Mrs. G——, the lady who has just been twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years—her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense, that her hair turned completely black within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event."

MAKING OUT A SUPPER.—Mr. Brown called in at a neighbor's, and was urged to take supper, which he did, the old lady all the while saying—"I'm afraid, Mr. Brown, you will not make a supper; you have eaten nothing—do eat some more." After he had stepped out, he heard the old lady say to her husband, "Why, I do declare, I should think Mr. Brown had not eaten anything for a month."

POSTAGE-STAMPS, during their brief reign as currency, were very appropriately styled *specie*.

CURIOUS TREES.

Useful trees have their place, and so do ornamental trees. But in addition to these there is a class which may be called distinctively *curious*; and of these a few notes may be interesting:

The *Cow Tree* is a native of Venezuela, South America. It is often found growing on the poorest and most rocky soil. Its leaves are dry and leathery in appearance, and for several months of the year not a shower falls to moisten its roots and branches. Yet, by piercing the bark, it yields a liquid resembling milk, which is sweet and nourishing. At sunrise, this fluid seems to be especially abundant, and at this hour the natives go to the tree in great numbers to get their daily supply.

The *Sorrowful Tree* is found near Bombay, India. It is so called, from its habit of blooming only at night. While the sun is shining, not an expanded flower is visible; yet in half an hour after the sun is below the horizon, the tree is full of them. There is little beauty in them, though the odor is pleasant. At sunrise, the petals close up or drop to the ground. This tree, it would seem, must have some sort of relation to the night-blooming Cere.

The *Dwarf Tree* is found upon high lands near Cape Horn. Its maximum height is two and a half feet, and the spread of its branches about four feet, and a stiff, thorny mat at that.

The *Mammoth Tree* of California, are worthy of note here. They are found three hundred feet high, and 20 feet in diameter at five feet from the ground. A hollow section of a trunk was lately exhibited at San Francisco, which presented a large carpeted room, with a piano and seats for forty persons. On a recent occasion, one hundred and forty children were admitted without inconvenience.

The *Ibory Nut Tree* is found in South America, and belongs to the palm tribe. The natives use it in building their huts, and out of its nuts they make buttons and various trinkets. Of late years the nuts have found their way to other countries where they are worked up into all sorts of fancy articles.

The *Cannon Ball Tree*.—What can be more interesting than this tree in our warlike times! It's a pity that it grows only in the tropics. It rises about sixty-five feet high, has beautiful crimson flowers, in clusters, and very fragrant. The resemblance of the fruit to cannon balls has given it its martial name. When fully ripe, the balls burst with a loud report. The shells are worked into cups and a great variety of other useful and ornamental household utensils.

The *Bread Fruit Tree*.—Here is something useful as well as curious. Would that it grew somewhere besides in the islands of the Pacific. The fruit attains the size of a child's head ten years old. If wanted for food, it needs to be gathered a little before it is fully ripe, and then baked, like hockeys, in hot ashes. When properly cooked, it resembles not a little the taste of a good wheaten loaf. Now this is the only use of the tree. Its timber is excellent for house-building, for making canoes and agricultural implements. The sap is a gummy substance, very useful as a pitch for caulkings the seams of vessels. The fiber of the inner bark is used by the natives for making cloth, which in that climate answers a good purpose. It is the favorite tree of its native region; and well it may be.

The *Upas Tree*.—The "deadly Upas," of which we have all read and heard from childhood, which was supposed to diffuse a poisonous air, fatal to animals or men who came beneath its branches, has no existence, and never had. The only possible ground for the superstition was thin: On a certain island of the East Indies there is a valley in which there is a constant deposition of carbonic acid gas. This gas spreads itself among a few trees of the neighborhood, and of course if birds, animals, or men inhale much of this gas, it will quite surely be fatal to them. But this is no fault of the trees, which have been found to possess no poisonous quality.

The *Tallow Tree* is a veritable fast. It lives in China, and yields an oily substance resembling tallow, and which answers well as a substitute for it. The tree is of only medium size, at maturity. It would not be hardy in America.

The *Varnish Tree* is Japanese, though found, also, sparingly in China. This is the tree which produces the black Japan varnish, so useful an article of commerce. It resembles, in general appearance, the white ash tree of this country. It does not furnish its peculiar liquid in large quantities, until nine or ten years old.

TEMPERATURE.—Temperature, in animal bodies, does not always depend on the quantity of food eaten. A mouse eats ten times as much food, in proportion to its size, as a man, and its respiration is, according to Valentine, eighteen times more energetic, yet its temperature is little higher than that of a man, and its power of resistance to cold is incomparably lower. Birds eat six to ten times as much as man, in proportion to weight, respire much more vigorously, and lose less heat by evaporation; nevertheless they are only a few degrees higher, and their power of resistance to cold is much less. A dog consumes twice as much oxygen, in proportion, as a man, yet the difference in their temperature is very slight.

When the Duke de Choiseul, a remarkably meagre man, came to London, to negotiate a peace, Charles Townsend being asked whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered: "He did not know, but they had sent the outline of an ambassador!"

"What ails these shirt buttons, I wonder. Just the missus I puts the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they split and flics all to bits." "Why, grandmother, them isn't buttons; they're my peppermints, and now you've been a spiling them."



THE RULING PASSION.

PAPA.—"Well, Sissy, how do you like school?"

SISSEY.—"Oh! So muta."

PAPA.—"That's right. Now tell me all you have learnt to-day."

SISSEY.—"I've learnt the names of all the little boys!"

ORDER OF CHIVALRY.

PHILADELPHIA.—"Philadelphia" is a Greek noun, signifying a person affectionate to his or her brothers or sisters. It is derived from Philos, a friend, and Adelphos, a brother. Philadelphia, or Philadelphia, means brotherly love. There were three cities in ancient times bearing this name:—1. A city in Lydia, southeast of Sardis, at the foot of Mount Timolus, deriving its name from its founder, Attalus Philadelphia, so surnamed from the fraternal love he displayed towards his brother Eumenes. 2. The capital city of the Ammonites, situated among the mountains of Gilead. It received its name from Ptolemy Philadelphia, so called from the affection entertained by him for his sister Arsine, whom he married; or, as some say, in satire of his cruelty towards his brother. 3. A city of Cilicia Trachea. Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, is called after the first of these cities, the seat of one of the seven early churches.

The rich are more envied by those who have a little than by those who have nothing.

Agricultural.

FEEDING TURKEYS IN WINTER.

Where corn is cheap, and the bins are full, nothing better is needed. But unfortunately many who like roast turkey, have their bins nearly empty, where corn is nearly a dollar a bushel. These birds will eat longer of corn than of any other food. They seem never to get enough of it. But they are by no means dainty in their diet, and will eat anything coming from the kitchen that a pig will devour, if it be properly prepared. They will work up the refuse material from the farm and garden, about as well as pigs. Boiled potatoes, fed warm, are highly relished by them. In this way potatoes, that are too small for marketing and for seed, may be turned into roast turkey on very short notice. If the parings and slops from the kitchen are boiled and mashed with them, it is all the better. But they need a variety of food, green as well as cooked, in order to thrive most rapidly. They are very fond of cabbage, and will feed upon the refuse plants that have not headed, until the stumps are picked bare. If these are not on hand, raw turnips chopped up fine will be readily eaten. They need also some animal food to promote growth in winter. Beef scraps from the tallow chandlers or butchers are as highly relished as by hens. Nothing in the way of animal food comes amiss. It is of more importance that the food should be abundant and various, than that it should be select.

In fattening, some shut them up in a room partially darkened, and feed with scalded meal and pounded charcoal; but we object to the confinement of the turkeys. It is almost impossible to keep the food clean, and to prevent waste, and they are quite as restless as when they have their liberty. With regular full feeding at night and morning, they will not wander far from the yard, and will take no more exercise than will be for their health, and the best flavor of the flesh. By this process of feeding, a late brood of turkeys may be brought up and fattened in winter, without any serious encroachment upon the corn bin. With turkey at fourteen cents a pound, it is a very convenient article of barter, at the village store, and not hard to dispose of in the home market. The relief from salt junk by the winter feeding of turkeys is immense.

BORROWING AND LENDING.

This is poor business to both parties. The proverb, "The borrower is servant to the lender," is now often reversed. Owners of tools are excessively annoyed by hunting up what some one has borrowed—often to more than their value. Never lend a tool, unless the borrower will promise to bring it back "to-day." And if he does not, go for it the moment it is due: This will show him that you expect promptness, which will do him a substantial kindness by teaching him good

manners, and you will have the tool ready at hand the moment it is wanted. Here is an illustration of another way of doing:—

"Will you lend me your axe—you won't want to use it, I reckon."

"Why, yes, I'll let you take it, seein' you want it."

In about two months the owner does want to use his axe, and applied to the borrower, but he has not got it; "the last he had sent to Mr. Fletcher had it to cut some roots with."

The poor owner then goes to Mr. Fletcher.

"Stranger, have you seen my axe I lent Mr. Bent 'tother day?"

"Why, yes, I reckon Mr. Bower's got it;

he said he wanted it to chop some firewood, so I lent it to him. You'd best ask him for it."

He goes.

"Mornin', Mr. Bower—how's your wife?"

"Lively, I reckon—how's yours?"

"About right, I reckon—have you had a hold o' my axe?"

"I reckon I have. I have smashed the handle—it was a powerfully weak one—but you can mend it; and when you've done it, I'd like to borrow it again, 'cause I've a smart chance of wood to cut, and want to use it specially."

FEED FOR FARM HORSES.

W. R. Lewis, Esq., of Milford, Mass., gives in the *American Agriculturist*, the following hints upon the management of farm horses:

When I was a boy, in the north of Vermont, we used to feed dry hay and oats, unless the horse had the heaves, which was very common among them at that time, owing to feeding too much dry hay and oats, and driving them too fast when full. We then supposed they ought to have hay before them all the time. This is a false idea; all kinds of animals will do better on regular meals. Farmers usually feed too much dry hay. You may keep a horse eating all the time, and not have it thrive. I came to Massachusetts about twelve years ago, and was engaged in the teaming business about seven years. I began to feed cut hay and corn meal, and found the horses would do more work and last longer, and be in better condition than when kept on dry feed. Cracked corn and oats make a very good feed for noon, when in a hurry. I would feed carrots all winter in small quantities, especially to young horses and breeding mares. This keeps them in a healthy condition. Team horses may be fed on them once each day to advantage. I am not able to state the amount each horse should be fed; this depends on the size and age of the animal. I would advise all owners to keep their horses, especially those they use, in good condition; it costs less in the end. Colts ought not to have much grain, unless very thin in flesh; they are often injured by graining. A few ground oats, with hay or straw, wet and mixed, and half a pint of ashes added, once in two or three weeks, is all colts need, besides hay. The ashes keep the bowels open, and it is said, free from worms. If living in Maine or Vermont, where hay and oats are cheap, I would have the oats ground, and cut a portion of my hay and straw to mix with what grain I fed, and consider myself well paid for the time and trouble.

Useful Receipts.

To Kill Lice on Stock of All Kinds.

Take one ounce of *coccus indicus*, which should be bought of any druggist at from 12 to 15 cents per pound, and steep it in one gallon of water, and apply it as is recommended for tobacco extract. It will be found quite as effectual, and much more pleasant to use. I have used it with unvarying success for killing lice on canary birds. Dip them in, keeping the head out, and soak well. It is perfectly safe.

To Wash Flannel Without Shrinking.—Make a strong suds and put in your flannel or white woolen stockings, while the water is boiling hot. Then squeeze and pound them with a pestle till the water is cool enough to put your hands to the work. You will find there is little need of rubbing. If these are not on hand, raw turnips chopped up fine will be readily eaten. They need also some animal food to promote growth in winter. Beef scraps from the tallow chandlers or butchers are as highly relished as by hens. Nothing in the way of animal food comes amiss. It is of more importance that the food should be abundant and various, than that it should be select.

CHICKEN PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one pound of raisins, chopped, one teaspoon of soda, one drizzle of powdered cloves. Mix with flour about as stiff as pound cake. Melt half a cup of butter and stir it in. Steam in a dish over boiling water four hours, and eat with a hot sauce.

CHEAP BREAD.—Indian meal is the cheapest, and a bushel furnishes more nutrient than the same quantity of wheat. It is also a generally healthy diet, and those who wish to practice close economy should use much of this meal in their families.

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